

# Sports

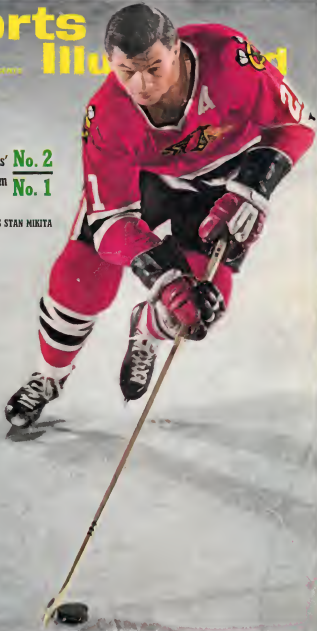
JANUARY 26, 1968

25 CENTS

# Illustrated

The Black Hawks' **No. 2**  
may make them **No. 1**

CHICAGO'S STAN MIKITA



A man in a tuxedo and bow tie is pouring whisky from a bottle into a glass. He is standing behind a bar with a rustic, wooden background. In the background, there are other people, including a woman in a colorful patterned shirt and a man in a blue shirt. The scene is dimly lit, with warm, reddish-brown tones. The bottle of Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon is prominently displayed on the bar counter. The overall atmosphere is elegant and sophisticated.

"Nothing else quite measures up"



Walker's DeLuxe Bourbon

THE ELEGANT 8 YEAR OLD

WALKER'S BOURBON WHISKY • 40 & 50% ALC/VOL (80 & 100 PROOF)  
© 1994 WALKER & SONS, INC., PEORIA, IL

# Can you give your wife a movie camera as a gift and get away with it?

It requires as much finesse as giving her a season's box for the pro football games, but you can pull it off.

The secret is to give her a camera that's so easy to use that she'll be able to take great movies with it when you're not using it.

Namely, the new Bell & Howell Super 8.

Of course, it's a precision instrument, but don't let that frighten her. Start off by telling her how easy it is to operate. Show her that she'll never, ever have to touch the film. No threading.

No winding. She just drops in the handy new Kodak Super 8 cartridge, and she's ready.

And, she won't have to worry her pretty head about film speeds, exposure settings or filters. This camera does it all automatically.

Reassure her that the exclusive Bell & Howell Optronic Eye will make all the right exposure decisions for her.

The Optronic Eye is an exposure control system that's located behind the lens. So no more pictures of the family in the shade of the old apple tree where the leaves look great but the people are unrecognizable. (Now when you zoom in on the people in the shadows, the change in lighting will be noted and adjusted for right at the film plane, and your movies will come back perfectly exposed all the way through.)

She'll feel like an instant expert when you show her the buttons that let her zoom in and out on her subject. She can practice-zoom without running film in this camera, just to be sure her shots are composed the way she wants them.

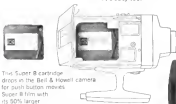
Now she's all set to take brilliant movies.

There's just one more thing you'll have to show her: how to press the button that starts the camera. But that's easy. So show her how when she presses the same button a little harder, she gets slow motion. (Of your golf swing, of course.) That's easy too.

By now, you've probably got her. But if you haven't, you might want to mention some of the things Bell & Howell does to make their cameras a little better than they really have to be. (Which, of course, means she'll get that much better movies.) Like the fact that some of our lens elements are made with rare-earth glass that cost \$30 a pound. And how we use 24-karat gold where it's necessary (inside the camera) for better electrical conductivity. And how the iris has a jeweled movement just like her watch.

You see, you can give her the camera you've always wanted and get away with it.

In fact, she may like it well enough to give you a lawnmower for your birthday.

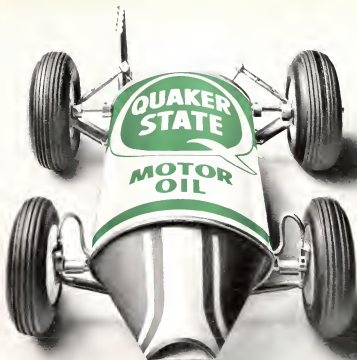


This Super 8 cartridge drops in the Bell & Howell camera for push button movies. Super 8 film with its 50% larger picture area can only be used in Super 8 Cameras and Projectors.



## Bell & Howell® Super 8

Photographic instruments built a little better than they really have to be.



## Don't start your engines without it!

Racing cars need the extra quality of Quaker State Motor Oil.

And so do all of the hot, new high-performance cars.

Quaker State is refined only from 100% Pure Pennsylvania...the world's choicest and most costly crude oil... and then fortified with special Quaker State additives. Quaker State retains



its oiliness without "foaming out," or burning away, at the high temperatures a "hot" engine can whip up to.

Many automotive experts consider Quaker State the best motor oil available. Find out for yourself why Quaker State is the best engine life preserver. Ask for Quaker State by name—it's available most everywhere.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

# Contents

JANUARY 31, 1966

Volume 24, No. 5

Cover photograph by Neil Leifer

## 12 The Last Puritan

*The Chicago Bears' George Halas come out growling in his dispute with the Rams*

## 18 A "Kama" for Angelenos

*In Swahili the word means an experience, and that is what, in duplicate, Kipchoge Keino provided for Coast track fans*

## 20 Plenty of Fish in the Sea?

*Commercial long-line fishermen are depriving the old maxim and are fast depleting the stocks of big game fish*

## 28 Cotton Fires Up Little Smoky

*The hottest retrieving team in the U.S. is Cotton Pershall and Marten Little Smoky. Photographed in color*

## 34 The Hawks' No. 2 Tries Harder

*Stan Mikita is only second best on his team, but he could help Chicago grab the top spot*

## 42 Jo-Jo Joins the Kansas Mob

*The Jayhawks easily beat their traditional rival last week and now have a skillful recruit*

## 46 Shtopping Around with Hoobert

*Jack Olsen and the kids discover that there is a time to take up skiing, but for them it is not necessarily now*

## The departments

7 Scorecard

54 For the Record

40 Golf

57 Basketball's Week

42 Basketball

59 19th Hole

45 Horse Racing



SPOKEN ILLUSTRATED, published weekly, except one issue at year end, by Time Inc., 240 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611, principal office Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020. James A. Loran, President; G. W. Brunsbach, Treasurer; Bernard Burns, Secretary. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill. and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in each U.S. and Canadian subscription \$7.50 a year. Military personnel anywhere in the world \$6 a year, all other \$10 a year.

Credits on page 54

## Next week

**AN EXOTIC DIET** has made Billy Casper a thin golfer but a stout foe. Edwin Shraike tells how strange allergies to things like gas heat and foam rubber led Billy to reshape Casper.

**SKI A GLACIER?** Why not? The problem is getting there, and in France Michel Ziegler flies you right to the top. Douglas Gontine paints the scene, and Fred Smith describes it.

**A LEGENDARY HERO** at the age of 22, Princeton's William Bradley has vanished into the deeper ivy at Oxford. Jack Mann takes a sharp look at the man he is—and the man he was.

1



## Italy doesn't have a thing on Ashtabula, Ohio.

Indeed, Italy's formidable ability to produce sensuous automotive shapes is more widely recognized than Ashtabula's. But then few people realize that Ashtabula is where we build the body for this country's only production sports car, Corvette.

Like its Italian counterparts

Corvette is more than just an automobile. It's an experience. to look at, to sit in, to drive

Ah, to drive

Just starting the engine makes your pulse pound. And once under way, you have such exotic sensations as independent front and rear suspension, four-wheel disc brakes

—and up to 425 horsepower on order—to heighten the effect

But there ends the similarity. The Pride of Ashtabula is sold and serviced in Keokuk, Duluth, Ada, Traverse City, Billings—anywhere there's a Chevrolet dealer

And it costs several million lire less

**'66 CORVETTE**

**BY CHEVROLET**

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Mich



One Blue Dot Flashcube lets you take 4 snapshots.  
How does GT&E fit into the picture?

Perfectly. It was one of GT&E's family of companies, Sylvania, who introduced the Flashcube. And ours is a family that grows on innovation.

Take the Flashcube. With it, you get the great pictures that used to get away. And capture photo sequences never before possible.

It's a beautiful invention and a major advance in a field where Sylvania is already number one with the famous Blue Dot Flashbulb.

This kind of innovation is basic to the GT&E family of companies. Expect it anytime from any member of the family: General Telephone Oper-

ating Companies • General Telephone Directory Company • Automatic Electric • Lankert Electric • Sylvania Electric Products • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics International.

We're 116,000 strong and dedicated to Total Communications.

**GTE**  
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS 



# SCORECARD

## FOUL PLAY

Buddy Harris, a 6-foot 6-inch center for Roxborough High and the leading scorer in Philadelphia's Public League, committed his fifth personal foul in a game last week against Olney High in the first minute of the second quarter.

Ordinarily, Harris would have fouled out and been limited to seven points, far under his 32-point average. But Harris kept on playing—and fouling.

By the end of the game, which Roxborough won 66-64, Harris had scored 34 points, had been whistled for walking with the ball seven times and had committed six offensive fouls, five defensive fouls and one technical foul.

The Public League, you see, is playing under the much-praised Nucetola Rule, suggested by Johnny Nucetola, supervisor of officials for the Eastern College Athletic Conference. It allows a player who has committed his fifth foul to remain in the game; the penalty for any foul after the fifth personal is loss of the ball after the foul shot.

One of the most vehement opponents of the Nucetola Rule happened to be at the game. He is Bucky Harris, a well-known former Philadelphia coach who is also Buddy's father. "It's ridiculous," the elder Harris fumed. "The rule gives kids a reason to foul. They can do anything and still play." As for his son's 34-point performance and Roxborough's win, Harris said, "It was horrible. I've seen a million basketball games, but nothing as ridiculous as that."

## CROSSCURRENTS IN SAN DIEGO

Whether the San Diego Chargers get to keep Ernie Ladd and Earl Faison or not, the team seems to be in trouble. Despite two successive division championships, the Chargers have only once drawn a capacity crowd in San Diego. The team this winter has lost 16 of its first 20 draft choices. Further, its refusal or inability last summer to give Ladd and Faison raises totaling only \$7,000 prompted that dissatisfied pair to play out their

options and create the opéra-bouffe situation that exploded last week (Faison and Ladd were traded to Houston and then returned to San Diego after Coach Sid Gillman's claim that Houston had "tampered" with his players was upheld by Commissioner Joe Foss). Now reports persist that local stockholders are disenchanted and are trying to dispose of their stock.

The one big thing still going for the Chargers is the new stadium the city is about to build. Rumors that it was being shelved are not true, and work is supposed to begin in the near future. The stadium could save the Chargers.

## PLEASED AS PUNCH

Stuck for a center last weekend when Wally Boyer was sidelined with a pulled muscle, Toronto Maple Leaf Manager Punch Imlach had to rummage around in his minor league affiliates for a replacement. The best available, he decided, was an 18-year-old high school student playing Junior A hockey with the Toronto Marlboros. This was slightly sticky, since Marlboro Center Brent Imlach happens to be Punch's son.

"What am I supposed to do—not call him up just because his name happens to be Imlach?" asked Imlach. "I just said to myself, 'Pretend his name is Smith.'"

So Smith got his chance. He showed hustle, he showed future, but he didn't show off. In fact, what with youngsters getting brasher and brasher, his modesty was rather refreshing. "In the warmup before the game the kid didn't take one shot on the net," Imlach said, and it was true. The boy just sort of skated around looking embarrassed at being good enough to make the NHL.

You get a lot to like with a Marlboro.

## INITIATIVE

A Spokane 16-year-old with more initiative than most citizens is sponsoring a proposal to outlaw no-deposit nonreturnable bottles in the state of Washing-

ton. Since Randall Dahmen is not 21, his father will actually file the initiative, but Randy himself is rounding up the necessary 100,670 signatures and the \$20,000 to cover the cost of printing and circulating petitions. He already has almost enough support, he says.

Young Mr. Dahmen was impelled to act by two recent incidents: his dog was badly cut by a broken beer bottle "clear out in the wilderness" and he found a bench "so cluttered with glass you couldn't get to the lake." A lot of people shared his anger, and he felt encouraged to start his petitioning.

The senior Dahmen, incidentally, owns a store, and it sells beer—but only in returnable bottles.

## RUMRUMRRR

There is more to a slot machine than losing your quarter. It's those sounds: you know, *clink, klump, chug*, and then, after the *whirr*, the final awful *chug, chug, chug*. Fascinating. But when you think of it, all that sound and fury, usually signifying two cherries and a lemon, does not test the athletic skills of the player.

In Europe, however, slot machines offer more for your pfering. Granted,



they do not chug like the domestic models, but a man with a deft touch can come up a winner. Guenter Schmidt of West Germany has that touch. So adept has he become, in fact, that even though the machines accept only 10-pfering pieces (2½¢), Schmidt was \$15 a day. Desperate innkeepers around the Ruhr Valley have taken to removing a fuse from their machines when they see him coming.

continued

# English Leather®



- ...the ALL PURPOSE MEN'S LOTION, \$2.00, \$3.50, \$6.50
- ...the ALL-PURPOSE SPRAY LOTION, \$5.00 (refill \$2.00)
- ...the SHAVING CREAM, \$2.00 ...the PRE-SHAVE LOTION, \$1.50
- ...the ALL-PURPOSE POWDER, \$1.50 ...the DEODORANT STICK, \$1.00
- ...the AEROSOL DEODORANT, \$1.50 ...the SHOWER SOAP ON A CORD, \$2.00
- ...GIFT SETS from \$3.00 to \$10.00

© MEM COMPANY, INC., NORTHVALE, NEW JERSEY

**Want the best?**  
**Let Hilton worry about it.**



And Hilton does worry about it. Consistently. Is always modernizing. Re-decorating. Upgrading. Keeping buildings up-to-date. And nowhere in the world will you find better hotel and food services. Come see for yourself. For reservations: Call any Hilton Reservation Office (see phone book) or any Hilton or Statler Hilton hotel or inn.

**HILTON HOTELS**

## SCORECARD *continued*

And Herr Schmidt is not through yet. He bought a slot machine of his very own and each day, under the watchful eye of Frau Schmidt, his two sons, Heinz and Lothar, ages 11 and 6, put in long practice sessions.

## SCALP 'EM, INSURANCEMEN!

In the colorful world of basketball, pole-faces often show a fondness for labels like "Braves," "Utes" and "Chiefs."

But what do we find in the NIT?

No, stupid, not the National Invitational Tournament in Madison Square Garden, where the St. John's University Redmen will be defending champions. We refer to the other NIT—the Navajo Invitational Tournament.

It's taking place this week (Jan. 24-29) in Window Rock, Ariz., and players from a dozen neighboring tribes are competing. The real Utes, you will be fascinated to learn, call themselves the Raiders, and the real Hopis are Demons. As for the other 22 teams entered, 21 of them are called things like the Merchants, the Insurance-men and—God save the memory of Chief Crazy Horse—the Cowboys.

## BEYOND REACH OF ANY FREEWAY

Would you believe that a chain of completely unspoiled large islands lies only 20 miles off the coast of the most populous part of southern California, an easy sail from swarming Los Angeles? Does it seem possible that these quasi-Mediterranean islands, sole home of near-extinct wildlife like the elephant seal and sea otter and little changed since Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo's caravels landed there 50 years after Columbus, should still be obtainable as a national park?

Believe it quick. The Channel Islands are there. But not for long, unless this badly needed outlet for seaward recreation is rescued soon. The Navy plans to use the western end as a test range for live bombs, the offshore areas have been opened to extensive oil operations and the largest island (Santa Cruz) is the projected site of subdivisions, apartment buildings and shopping centers.

The Channel Islands, described by a federal survey of the entire Pacific Coast as the best remaining area for a national seashore, are called "a high priority" by the Department of the Interior. But time is now short. Even before federal action, the Santa Cruz subdivision scheme—not the least of the threats—can be stopped

by usually farsighted Santa Barbara County. It need only refuse to change its judicious designation of the islands as agricultural, a zoning that satisfied the landowners only five months ago. The islands were economically good only for ranching, they said, an assessment supported by a description of Santa Cruz as "isolated" and foggy, with "below freezing" temperatures and "alien and inaccessible" terrain.

Now, 150 days later, the subdividers speak of the islands' "unusually benign weather," with "frost unknown" and summer heat "tempered by sea breezes", "unexcelled views", "many natural recreational facilities", rich soils; incomparable fishing, and "excellent shelter for small craft."

In short, the ideal national seashore.

#### **CREEPING SCENT ON THE 18TH GREEN**

You can believe this or not, as you choose, but it's true nonetheless. Walter Winstell of New Orleans, sharing his drive off the 12th tee on the No. 3 course at City Park, saw a strange and wonderful thing happen. His ball dropped into a lagoon along the right side of the fairway, then bounced back onto terra firma. Suddenly the water in the lagoon began churning. Rushing to the scene, Winstell pulled a 4½-pound black bass out of the water, dazed and flapping. The fish still bore the mark where the ball had struck it. Winstell wheeled his golf cart around the last six holes of the crowded course with his catch tied firmly to the top.

#### **INVOCATION**

The occasion was a chamber of commerce dinner in Kalispell, Mont. Maury Wills was to be the main speaker, and Father Edward McGowan was to deliver the invocation. We reprint Father McGowan's invocation in its entirety: "Bless those who are gathered here tonight. Bless the food that has been put before us. Bless him who steals."

#### **THE WORD IS HURRY, NOT HARA**

When Billy Kidd entered the Hahnenkamm Festival at Kitzbühel last weekend he was the toast of Europe, a sort of student prince with ruffled hair and a surprise new racing threat. Austria's Karl Schranz and France's Jean-Claude Killy, favored to sweep the early season, were being regularly knocked off by Kidd, at Hindelang, at Adelboden—almost at Lauberhorn (SI, Jan. 24). At the Hahnenkamm, Kidd wonned them again.

continued



## **Brighten up nighttime turns in your new Buick with Guide Cornering Lights**

You'll find Guide Cornering Lights on your new Buick help light the way to easier nighttime turns. When you actuate your turn signal lever at night a cornering light goes "On." The result is a steady beam of light directed to the side that helps you avoid possible hazards. You'll find Cornering Lights ideal for poorly lighted street corners, driveways and other nighttime driving situations. At the time you order your new Buick LeSabre, Wildcat, Riviera or Electra 225, you can equip the model of your choice with Guide Cornering Lights. Ask your Buick salesman.

**CORNERING LIGHTS BY GUIDE**

Guide Lamp Co. Division, General Motors Corporation, Anderson, Indiana

A good package should carry products—and ideas. It should give pause to the passer-by. And help move the goods. The Mead Cluster-Pak® does just that. (The very place for your next advertising campaign!) Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

**MEAD**  
packaging

## A beer carton should do more than carry cans



Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

## SCORECARD continued

with a slashing third in the downhill and moved into a spot to beat the world in the slalom, his best event.

Then, on Sunday, amid cries of "Bravo, Willi," Kidd took two spills. On the second, he hooked a ski in the gate, crashed forward, sprained an ankle and his European tour was over.

Out of it for now, Kidd expects to be right again when the Europeans come to the U.S. in March for the next wave, and his early form indicates it will be a wild, fast season.

If there was a jarring note on the tour besides Kidd's spill—and every racer does that—it was a catchphrase that the press invented to describe Kidd's furiously controlled style. Hara-kiri, they called it, meaning suicidal. To which we say: nuts. There is nothing suicidal in the way Kidd attacks a hill, no touch of hara-kiri. It is, instead, exactly what U.S. Coach Bob Beattie has been teaching, a resurgent new form of All-America charge. Kidd deserves credit, not denigrating catchphrases. It is experience and skill and vast determination, not reckless luck, that is making this his season. Bravo, Willi.

## CONSOLATION PRIZE

The NBA's All-Star Game luncheon featured, in addition to the Most Valuable Player award, a number of door prizes. Holder of a lucky number was Wilt Chamberlain, who had missed out on the car given to the MVP. Chamberlain's prize: a book called *Play Better Basketball*, written by Oscar Robertson.

## THEY SAID IT

- Dean Martin, on the wagon during the Bing Crosby Golf Tournament, asked for his autograph on the 18th green at Cypress by a woman with green hair: "Lady, I knew something like you would show up the minute I quit drinking."
- Keith Lincoln, San Diego halfback, on why he played in the AFL All-Star Game despite an injured knee: "A low IQ helps."
- Toe Blake, coach of the Montreal Canadiens, on substitute goalies' grumbling over the new rule that requires them to be on the bench in full regalia during games: "They say it makes them stiff and sore. I've seen these same guys sit in a card game on a train for five solid hours without budging from their seats. They don't complain about being stiff and sore then."

END



Jerry West—star guard, Los Angeles Lakers

## 'Chap Stick' lip balm—heals, prevents dry, chapped lips

"During the winter I go from a heated gym to the cold night air," says the Lakers' star. "That's when my lips used to get sore. And fishing under the

summer sun, they dried out, even cracked. But now, summer or winter, 'Chap Stick' does the job — soothes and protects my lips and helps heal them fast."

Whenever  
you go  
go with



A Favorite  
in Canada

"CHAP STICK" IS A REG. TM. OF CHAP STICK COMPANY, LINCOLNBURG, VA.



Look into Eversharp—the new chrome stainless blade with the Miron coated 

It's made possible by a new stainless steel formula. Low carbon, high chrome stainless called Swedish *FINE-GRAIN*® and developed especially for us. It sharpens sharper. Holds its smoothness longer. Even than the best stainless used before. The fine-grain makes possible our new Convex Edge, Miron coated to glide friction-free over your skin for an unusually comfortable shave. Four mirror smooth blades \$1. Pamper yourself.



# THE LAST PURITAN

by WILLIAM BARRY FURLONG

*He is George Helas, pro football's Pope Bear, who let out a terrible growl when Assistant Coach George Allen went AWOL. Helas won a point in court, but lost his man to the Rams*





**G**eorge Halas is the most triumphant anachronism in sports, but it would be untruthful to say that his success has made him either lovable or serene. Something of an introvert in a field that exalts the extrovert, Halas has turned into an achingly bottled-up man, whose every public appearance is a torrent of smothered emotions. Over the years, his rivals in the National Football League have studied Halas as rapily as Greeks regarding an oracle, for he has prospered by defying many of the most common canons of coaching. He speaks to players and press in a voice like breaking bones. He smiles as if his shoes are too tight. He treats players who reach for more money with all the compassion of Ebenezer Scrooge. Yet he expects his players—like himself—to give their all. ("Taylor, we've run out of time-outs. Go in there and get hurt.") Somehow he has managed to parlay all this into 16 championships for the Bears he owns and coaches and to make them synonymous with everything that is muscular, malevolent and profitable in pro football.

Last week, the more venturesome speculators were probing Halas' mind again—dodging stalactites and stalagmites all the way—an search of the reason, and the profit, in his most recent series of moves. For in defiance of all tradition—a dubious tradi-

*continued*

CURT GUYTON

tion, to be sure—he was insisting that one of his assistant coaches, George Allen, live up to the terms of his contract, ignore an offer to become head coach of the Los Angeles Rams at something like twice his \$19,000 salary and remain in Chicago with Papa Bear.

It was an insistence that sent tremors of apprehension through all of coaching—college as well as professional—for nothing jeopardizes a coach's own ambitions more than the notion that his contract is binding. When Allen, nevertheless, did jump to the Rams he also violated one of Halas' personal traditions. George likes to be the pusher, not the pushed. In the manner of Allen's leaving—and in the effort of Dan Reeves, owner of the Rams, to encourage him despite Halas' charges of tampering and the tendency of Pete Rozelle, commissioner of the NFL, to look benevolently upon the move—Halas suspected that he was being made the victim of a double shuffle. He thought it was time to demonstrate just who is running

the National Football League, in case Pete had forgotten, and so he engaged in that most perilous of professional-sport maneuvers—a lawsuit. The suit did exactly what NFL leaders feared it would—it inspired the defense to pronounce that fearsome word, *antitrust*.

To understand what led this flinty, vital, crusty, visionary and thoroughly remarkable old man (he is nearly 71) to so hazardous a course, one must first understand the basic fact of George Halas: he is the last Puritan. It is not simply that his manner sometimes is as taciturn as a New England Yankee's (once when a barber asked how he'd like to have his hair trimmed, Halas said, "Silently"). It is not simply that he is paternalistic, purposeful, undeviating in his loyalty to those who are loyal to him, undying in his hatred for those who are not, or that he is a notably parsimonious man. (When one prospect, who was about to be cut, asked for some cash "to buy milk for my kid," Halas is said to have replied, "What's his address? I'll send him a quart.") It is that, in the great Puritan tradition, he defines respectability in terms of hard work and personal responsibility.

Hard work is as vital to Halas as the glass is to fine brandy. Even now he will work 15 to 18 hours a day during the football season and ease up only slightly in the off season. He was the first coach in professional football to hold practice sessions every day, the first to work at football 12 months a year. He drives his staff as hard as he drives himself and assumes they will not balk at the extraordinary pace. In the classic Halas tradition Allen was paid one salary for two jobs, those of assistant coach for defense and director of player personnel. Says an acquaintance, "Halas is one of those guys who feel that if you haven't got anything to do, you ought to be down at the office doing it." The concentration that he brings to long hours of work is complex and astonishing; it is not unusual for him to stare at filmed reruns of a single play 40 to 50 times to pinpoint the reason for a missed blocking assignment. His zest for the game's minutiae is as lively now as it was more than 40 years ago, when the Bears were the *Staley A.C. of Decatur, Ill.*

Halas' sense of personal responsibility is equally rigorous. He measures accomplishment, not words per minute or the decibels of salesmen. He has little use for the gaily trip-hammered mon-

ologues of today's hucksters of professional sports. He feels that his own monument is one of solid achievement—nothing less than the National Football League—and he protects it with evangelical fervor. He will not falsify a fact on his own behalf—though he has no objection to somebody else falsifying a fact in his interest. He has been fortunate in being located in Chicago, where the newspapers are not merely adulatory but utterly servile. In the pantheon of its gods the *Chicago Tribune* ranks George Halas above and slightly to the right of the late Robert R. McCormick, the long-time publisher of the paper. "George Halas, moving defiantly ahead in his one-man crusade to re-establish the integrity of professional football," trumpeted the *Tribune* in a news story on the Allen contretemps last week. One paper took two reporters off Bear coverage because they were not sufficiently "sympathetic" to Papa's problems. Not the least reason for his power is that his closest friend is Don Maxwell, editor of the *Tribune*.

Unquestionably the papers have perpetuated the great myths—e.g., that Halas is particularly gifted in discovering superior players from small schools (Bulldog Turner from Hardin-Simmons, Harlan Hill from Florence State Teachers). Actually, he has made as many mistakes as discoveries; he once passed up Sammy Baugh in the draft for an All-America who fumbled, and he spent five years trying to prove that John Adams of Los Angeles State was a great football player. ("Adams was one of the most versatile players who ever came to the Bears," one insider has remarked. "So far we've found he can't play six different positions.")

But the papers have never been able to dispel the notion rampant among Bear fans that Halas is an unusually frugal man. His treatment of the fans has sometimes been cavalier. When P. K. Wrigley ordered new and wider chairs for the box seats in Wrigley Field—reducing the number of seats in every box from 10 to eight—Halas put the older, narrower seats in storage, then hauled them out to be re-installed every year for the football season. Last year when the Cubs put in permanent box seats, thus cutting his revenue in the highest-price section, Halas was quite upset and did not sign his rental contract with Wrigley Field until after season-ticket



George Allen said he neglected the five print.



applications had been mailed out—and ticket prices raised. His reluctance bothered Wrigley not at all. He needs Halas' money somewhat less than Halas needs a place to play. As recently as last week the Bears acknowledged that they were not going to pass along to the fans the savings on the discontinued 10% federal excise tax, which means another 10% off the top for Papa.

From this it should not be deduced that Halas has hardened in mind or attitude. Indeed he can be as flexible as a bull whip. Some three years ago a now-defunct Chicago magazine printed a bluntly objective appraisal of Halas and the then parlous state of the Bears, who had lost 10 of their previous 14 games, including exhibitions. Halas managed to contain himself and make no public comment on the criticism. (It is not that he doesn't have rabbit ears; he watches and notes everybody who's critical of him—and, indeed, first spotted the girl who became his wife when she razzed him during a high school football game.) But the Tribune rushed nobly to his defense. In a hilariously obsequious column David Condon, one of the paper's sportswriters, assured his readers that the Bears would respond to the criticism by rearing up and smiting the Green Bay Packers the following Sunday. The Bears rose up for seven points, but the Packers snote back with 35, facts that somehow escaped Condon's notice.

But Halas himself responded remarkably to the magazine's appraisal. Within days he ended a rancid feud that had been racking the Bear coaching staff. The Bears joined the Players Association after years of being the only outsiders. The team was warned that Halas would no longer "carry" players who did not produce. The result was that the Bears won five of their last six games in 1962 after Halas' changes and in 1963 went on to win the NFL championship.

Similarly, early last season Halas found himself with a "right-handed offense" (Johnny Morris, the right flanker back, set a league record by catching 93 passes in 1964) and a passer who had great difficulty hitting a receiver moving away from him. Halas had in Bill Wade a quarterback with seraphic personal habits, which he deeply admired. Wade's trouble was that he was an independent thinker. He scrupulously studied the team's game plan before a game, then tried spontaneously to improve on it.

This sometimes led to a sluggish offensive performance.

Midway through the third game of the 1965 season Halas was ready to take stock. The Bears had lost their first two games and were losing again. Wade was troubled with a leg injury of growing seriousness. So Halas replaced Wade with Rudy Bakuch and shifted the halfback-fulback assignments so that two rookies, who could run but not block, were never in the game at the same time. Suddenly the Bear offense developed great variety and flexibility and force. It not only ran to the left as well as the right, but featured Halfback Gale Sayers on a run-pass option to the left. Sayers turned out to be an adequate left-handed passer and an exceptionally skilled ballcarrier. The Bears spent the rest of the season playing some of the finest football they had displayed in a quarter of a century, and Halas won much-deserved acclaim as Coach of the Year.

Whether winning or losing, Halas preserves a profound respect for the law and the written word—when it suits him. A few years ago, when the Chicago Cardinals wanted to hypo their attendance and income by moving from the slum-ridden South Side to a stadium in Evanston in the prosperous northern suburbs, Halas suddenly hauled out a document signed in 1930 that prohibited the Cardinals from playing north of Madison Street, the equator in Chicago. Nobody but Halas remembered the document—and even he had managed to forget it on the 25 or so occasions when the Cardinals had journeyed north of Madison Street to play the Bears in Wrigley Field.

Another time, Hunk Anderson, who had first joined the Bears as a guard in 1922 and had long been one of Halas' closest friends and most trusted aides, was offered a job as head coach of the Washington Redskins. This was in the middle of the 1951 season and Anderson was still under contract to Halas as an assistant coach, though he was sitting out the season as a steel executive, one of the casualties in the feud that was already disrupting the Bear coaching staff. When word that Anderson might get the job reached Halas he came out fighting—and waving Anderson's contract. He demanded that Washington give him a player in return, specifically All-League Tackle Paul Lipscomb. Anderson never got the job. He came back to the Bears, formally finished out his contract as as-

sistant coach and Halas simply accepted him, secure in the knowledge that he had upheld the written word, though it cost an old friend a chance to improve his situation in football.

The Allen matter also has its ambivalent aspects. Halas did not object when at least one other assistant coach, Chuck Mather, asked if he could talk with anybody who might be interested in him to fill the several head-coaching posts then open in professional football. And still another assistant, Abe Gibrin, is reported to have considered—and to have turned down—a chance to become head coach of the Miami Dolphins of the AFL. Yet when Allen made his bid, Halas' attitude seemed to harden. It may have been a personality difference. Allen is a thoroughly competent, thoroughly conscientious man; it was the defensive team he coached that played so great a part in the success of the Bears last season and in 1963. Moreover, he is himself no mean hand at inspiring loyalty. Doug Atkins, the 6-foot-8, 275-pound All-League defensive end of the Bears, announced that he was quitting the game because "this thing that has happened to Allen convinced me that Mr. George Halas is unreasonable and impossible to deal with."

Halas said Atkins had told him he was quitting long before the Allen matter blew up, then added, in a typical gratuitous slap, "He couldn't move in the Los Angeles game." That was one the Bears lost 30-28 last year. "If Atkins had been in condition," said Halas, "we would have won that game."

If George Allen has a flaw—from Halas' viewpoint—it is that he is ambitious for George Allen, not for George Halas. Allen has a boyish, diffident "push" about him. He is going to get ahead, though he labors hard to appear humble in doing it. In any case, Halas likes push only in his behalf.

Or it may have been the manner of Allen's request. Halas claims the first word he got about it was on December 28 in a phone call from Allen in New Orleans, where Allen was signing one of the Bear draft choices. Allen asserts that he had already made about half a dozen phone calls to Halas but had been unable to get through to him. Halas quotes Allen as saying that he had been approached about the Ram job and was asking Halas' permission to talk to Reeves about the matter. The permission

continued

would have to be in writing, under the terms of Allen's contract, but Allen was seeking only verbal permission. Halas says he gave Allen verbal permission to talk to Reeves but—curiously—only to declare himself unavailable. Allen remembers of one conversation that Halas “stammered and stuttered and told me there were eight or nine men under consideration for the job and indicated I didn't have much chance.” That sounds like the authentic Halas. Allen felt his conversations with Halas were “frustrating and misleading.” One difference between the versions: Allen's was delivered under oath in a court of law, while Halas' was delivered in a press statement.

At different times Halas has cited several motives for denying Allen permission to pursue the Ram job. One was that he felt that the Bears had a good chance to win the title in 1966, and Allen was vital to that hope. Later he said he was only trying to protect his friend Dan Reeves from charges of tampering. Under “Prohibited Conduct,” Article IX of the NFL Bylaws, is “tampering with players or coaches under contract to or the property of another member club.” So solicitous was Halas of Reeves's well-being that he phoned him on December 29 and, lo, he discovered from Reeves that it was not the Rams but Allen who had taken the initiative. In fact, Allen allegedly had made contact with Johnny Sanders of the Rams on Christmas Day to inquire about the job. Moreover, the Rams were quite interested in hiring him. Halas says he told Reeves that Allen was not available and would not be made available before 1967.

Nevertheless, Allen's hopes were still high. He returned to Chicago, tried to bring the matter up again with Halas and concluded that he was getting a “stall.” So he went to Los Angeles, talked with Reeves and agreed to take the job.

Back in Chicago, Halas felt he was being unduly pressured. “He [Allen] made four propositions to me after he'd already agreed with Reeves on January 4 to coach the Rams,” claims Halas. Among the propositions cited by Halas:

- Allen would stay with the Bears if Halas would guarantee him the head-coaching job when Halas retired.
- Allen would guarantee to come back to the Bears as head coach after three or four years in Los Angeles, if Halas would give him comparable guarantees.

- Allen would stay with the Bears if Halas would give him an option to buy 5% of the Bear stock. (Halas and his family own 91%, the rest is held by close friends.)

- Allen would stay with the Bears if they matched the Rams' handsome salary offer.

To almost any man of property these demands would be difficult to accept. To Halas, jealous of his privileges as a sole proprietor, they were intolerable. Some insiders on the Bears feel that Allen might have been prompted in his demands by Reeves. Halas was not consoled when Pete Rozelle cited the “tradition” that assistants are always allowed to abandon their contracts to move up to a head-coaching job. He was conscious that Rozelle had once worked for Reeves as publicity director and then general manager of the Rams.

So he hauled out Allen's contract and went to court to seek an injunction to stop him from going to Los Angeles and from taking Bear defense manuals and textbooks with him. Allen responded by appearing with a renowned counsel, Albert E. Jenner, former president of the Illinois Bar Association and onetime legal aide to the Warren Commission which investigated the assassination of President Kennedy. Allen told his side of the story under oath. Part of his testimony was that he had never really read his entire contract.

He might have been astounded if he had. He had signed it on June 22, 1965, and it was a three-year deal, starting on April 1, 1965 and concluding on March 31, 1968. It not only specified Allen's “special, exceptional, and unique knowledge, skill, and ability as a football coach,” but also provided specifically for injunction proceedings in court if he joined “any other professional or college football team of any kind whatsoever during the term of this contract.”

It also barred him from coaching anywhere in the Chicago area for six years without Halas' written consent, which would halt defection to a potential AFL franchise in Chicago. Allen also was forbidden to write books or articles on football or any other major sport, or to appear on any radio or TV program, not only for the term of the contract but for three years after it ended, without Halas' written consent.

The immediate result of Halas' suit was a public-relations disaster. “Allen

looked like a boy scout and Halas was the old curmudgeon trying to keep him from getting ahead,” said one critic.

On Tuesday of last week Halas was supposed to testify under oath and submit to cross-examination on the issue. At 2 o'clock that day the courtroom of Judge Cornelius J. Harrington of the Circuit Court of Cook County was filled to overflowing. The people were there to see one of the most dramatic events of the athletic year—Halas being cross-examined by a skilled lawyer and being directed to answer the questions by the court. “He doesn't know how to approach a question except evasively,” cracked a newsman. Halas was prepared for the showdown. Throughout the courtroom were scattered former coaches and players for the Bears, apparently ready to testify for him. In his hand was an envelope filled with notes he'd made of telephone calls and conversations with Allen and Reeves. (“He's got notes on everything,” says his attorney, Charles Short. “When you start talking he starts writing down what you're saying.”)

At the outset of the hearing it became clear that Halas was not only suffering from a public-relations problem but also a legal one. For Attorney Jenner indicated that he was interested in examining the terms of the contract and their restrictions on Allen's nonathletic efforts in the light of the antitrust laws of the state and federal governments. He felt that certain provisions of the contract were “in restraint of trade.”

Judge Harrington had been up until 1 a.m. that day, studying the documents and the legal references and trying to reach the first of a number of decisions. He ended the opening exchange between the lawyers with his first decision, that in his view a bona-fide contract between Allen and the Bears did exist. Halas was on the edge of his cushioned chair at the plaintiff's table. The judge went on to cite the second question: whether or not to enjoin Allen from leaving the Bears. At that Halas leaped to his feet and strode to the bench, introducing himself and asking to make a statement. “No, George, sit down,” said his startled attorney. Through a thicket of objections by Attorney Jenner, Halas was sworn in and allowed to make his statement from the witness stand. Its substance: now that he had proved the validity and the sanctity of the contract, he was withdrawing the suit and would grant Allen

the appropriate release from the Bears.

It was a bravura performance. A smattering of applause broke out briefly in the courtroom. In one stride Halas had removed himself from the danger, difficulties and discipline of being cross-examined by Jenner. He had terminated whatever dangers might develop out of the antitrust aspects of the contract. He had gotten rid of a coach who could not possibly help him now, no matter how many legal battles Halas won. And he had touched up a tarnished public-relations image by appearing magnanimous in victory. Jenner, however, was not ready to admit it was a victory. He said Halas was "throwing in the towel."

There were still some details to be cleared up. At first Halas could hardly bring himself to talk to Allen, much less shake his hand. "George," he finally said, "a few of those statements you made on the stand I did not like. They weren't true, George." He told him to "bring back those books"—i.e., the Bear defense manual and textbook. Allen said later he didn't have them, that they had already been returned. In fact, they were in the possession of Jenner, who planned to have them delivered immediately to Halas' attorney.

Then there was Halas' charge that the affair "began in subterfuge and ended in

chicanery," which he made the next day. There was also one of his direct slaps at Commissioner Rozelle. "When Commissioner Pete Rozelle made that ill-advised statement, where he advocated substituting phony tradition for a legal document, we were all the more determined to go through with the lawsuit," Rozelle said that he would handle the matter privately and personally. If he thought of bringing disciplinary action against Halas, he failed to mention it to the Bears. In fact, he talked with the Bears on three different occasions in the 24 hours after Halas' comments without bringing up the blast that Halas had leveled against him. According to Halas, in the "harshest" of their conversations, "We agreed that he and I will talk informally over a drink at the time of the league meeting in Florida next month."

Out in Los Angeles, Dan Reeves had acquired one coach and lost another. Offensive Coach Bill Austin left to become head coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, and there were claims that Reeves had not been approached by the Steelers for permission to talk to Austin until 4½ hours after Austin had been named to the job.

Meanwhile, back in Chicago, Attorneys Jenner and Short were scuffling over the final wording of the court order

that would end the case. Short slightly phrased the order so that it might appear that Halas had won a mighty victory—and so that the order might be used by the owner as a precedent in other cases. Jenner argued that such language would hinder parties not in the court. He pointed out that Halas had withdrawn his suit, not won it, and that Allen had not been given the chance to place Halas under cross-examination. He was instructed by his client, he told the court two days after Halas' withdrawal, to enter an immediate appeal unless the language was changed. That, of course, would open the old dangers to Halas again and bring the issue back to the courts. So Halas' attorney accepted the changes.

Thus the lawyers were content, but what of Halas and Allen? Halas emerged with the sense of satisfaction that only the last Puritan could know. Allen left court looking a little mystified that Halas was not quite friendly. A reporter asked Halas if he would ever consider Allen as a head coach for the Bears. Halas looked for a way to evade the question. "Well, I'll tell you, my boy," he said, patting the reporter on the shoulder and pausing for a long, long while to consider his words, "he won't be."

END

Dan Reeves, owner of the Rams, hired Allen to head his coaching staff despite Halas' solicitous warning that he might be guilty of tampering.



# A 'KAMA' FOR THE ANGELENOS

*They have a word for it in Kipchoge Keino's native Swahili, and it means a new experience. Running indoors and on boards for the first time last weekend, the exceptional Kenya policeman ran two brilliant races at a mile and two miles to give Pacific Coast track followers a very special "kama" of their own*

by GWILYM S. BROWN

At the Los Angeles Invitational indoor track meet last week another chapter was added to the implausible adventures of Kipchoge (Kip) Keino, that self-taught Kenyan distance runner who emerged suddenly last year out of equatorial Africa and began running fast races and breaking world records as if his country's independence depended on him. In his first try at the totally unfamiliar experience of running indoors he not only ran far and fast but he accomplished the rare feat of doing it twice in one night. Keino warmed up with a second-place finish in a near-four-minute mile, then got back on the track a short time later to win a fast two-mile race against a strong, experienced field. He has now emphatically added his name to that short list of athletes who can consistently make sports news read like fiction.

In the previous installment (SI, Jan. 3) this trim, high-spirited hero had just concluded a bittersweet tour of New Zealand and Australia. Joyously flinging off his bright orange cap as he started his victorious finishing sprints, Keino set a world record for 5,000 meters, won seven races against formidable opponents and even defeated Australia's fine distance runner Ron Clarke. It was definitely Horatio Alger stuff. Only one thing had marred the otherwise triumphant tour. Running in the mile against East Germany's crafty Jurgen May, he set a fast, exciting pace, only to be passed by May at the very finish. Undaunted, Kip vowed to return home and train with new vig-

or "I'm going to learn how to sprint that last lap," he said as the chapter ended.

Well, he went home and he worked on his speed and he was still determined to get that mile record, but in the meantime he also decided to tackle something strange and new. So he paid his first visit to the U.S. and made his first attempt at indoor competition.

The week began quietly enough on a cold, rainy afternoon. Keino, looking dapper in a checked wool cap and a royal blue overcoat, arrived at Los Angeles Airport after a 30-hour trip from Nairobi, accompanied by Tony Vaz, an Indian born in Portuguese Goa who had been appointed as Keino's manager only three days earlier. The two scarcely cleared customs before Vaz whipped a notebook out of his blue blazer and began asking Meet Director Herschel Smith questions from a prepared list. What about transportation? How far is the Sports Arena from the hotel? Keino has never run on a board track before, so when can he take a look at it? Could they have the quarter-mile times from the races in which Jim Beatty and Tom O'Hara had set their indoor mile records? This last request prompted a counterquestion.

"Does this mean that you will run in the mile and not the two miles?"

"Maybe I will run in both," Keino replied quite calmly. Vaz, however, appeared staggered by the thought of the exhausting double. "We will have to see how he feels after the mile race," he said. "I have been directed to schedule him

only for a mile race here in Los Angeles and a mile race at the Millrose meet in New York. But if he will insist on running the two-mile also what can I do about it?"

Compared to the fast-paced schedule that Keino was now swept up in, his competitive plans for Saturday night seemed no more taxing than a stroll in the park. Shortly after checking in at the Sheraton-West Hotel he was jarred out of a short nap by the loud metallic concussion of an automobile accident on Wilshire Boulevard just below his window. Then at a press conference a short time later he found himself blinking politely into a battery of spotlights and the inquisitive stares of a dozen or so local journalists. His English is not too articulate as yet, but he manages to get his points across.

Would he try to break the world indoor record before returning home?

"It is easy to try to break world records," he said slowly and carefully. "It is not so easy to break them."

Did he have special feelings about being the first great Negro distance runner?

"A special feeling? No. There will soon be many at home as good as I."

Later in his room Keino underwent a thorough grilling by more reporters, and his shy, prompt responses provided a picture of a remarkable background, but one hardly designed as the springboard to world records and world tours. Keino (pronounced *Kajino*) was born a member of the Nandi tribe sometime in January 1940 in Kapchemoywo, a primitive



Ninety minutes after losing the mile, Keino takes lead over Reelants and Lawson in two-mile.

farming village that overlooks the steeply walled Rift Valley about 240 miles northwest of Nairobi. It was back-country Africa as Stanley and Livingstone must have known it: mud huts with thatched roofs, the sole source of potable water a spring-fed well in the village square. Swahili was Kip's native language, but he learned rudimentary English at a Protestant missionary school in the village and developed a strong, fast pair of legs chasing after his father's herd of 16 cattle. At 18 Kip decided a policeman's life would be happier than a farmer's and enrolled at the police school in Kajiado, 200 miles to the east. He graduated and became an instructor at the school in volleyball, basketball, soccer, field hockey and cross-country. By 1962, in cross-country at least, he had become his own best student. By 1964 he had married, fathered a daughter and represented Kenya in the Olympics. And by

1965, still his own coach, he had gained world prominence as a distance runner.

Now here he was in a spacious hotel room in a large cosmopolitan city, wearing a thin mustache and a conservative, well-fitting suit. If Africa seemed a long way off, it was never far from his thoughts, because he is intensely concerned about his role as a roving ambassador of goodwill. "I am so annoyed with myself," he said despairingly. "My English is bad and I am confused. It is O.K. to answer questions one by one in an interview, but when you have to think of everything by yourself it is very hard." Still, he found time for a trip through the 20th Century-Fox Television lot, lunch in the commissary, more interviews and a long chat with a two-man delegation of Kenyans.

Keino's race preparations were sandwiched into gaps in the schedule almost as an afterthought. Fortunately, in Vaz's

notebook was a virtual primer on indoor running that came from Mal Whitfield, the two-time 800-meter Olympic champion who is now employed by the U.S. Information Service in Nairobi. While Keino was not looking forward exactly with pleasure to his forthcoming races, he was determined not to get discouraged. "It is a new *kuma*," he said, using the Swahili word for experience or possibility.

Entering both the mile and the two-mile on his first evening indoors was not only a new *kuma*, some of his fellow runners thought, but a foolish one.

"It's crazy," said Gaston Reelants, Belgium's Olympic steeplechase champion and an opponent in the two-mile. "It sounds like too much to me," said less excitable Bill Crothers, the Canadian half-miler. "Running on boards can not only blister your feet, but it can also strain the knees. I've known runners who couldn't walk for days after their first long race indoors."

Only Keino's major opponent in the mile, Jim Grelle, seemed to think that the Kenyan runner could negotiate a first first assignment and be fully recovered in time for the second. "The mile is a short race for him, and he has great recuperative powers," said Grelle. "It shouldn't be too hard."

Grelle proved to be a superb prophet, but an even better tactician. After allowing Keino to build up a lead that reached 20 yards with only three of the 11 laps to go—Keino sped past the first quarter in 59.8 seconds, the half in 1:58.4 and the three-quarters in 2:59.2—Grelle cut down the margin quickly and burst into the lead on the last turn to win by five yards in a very fast 4:00.9.

"Keino was making the race," said Grelle, "but he was not aware of the stress his legs were undergoing. You have to learn that about indoor running."

Keino proved a fast study. Ninety minutes later, in the two-mile, he ran as if born to the boards. At the slightly slower pace, he settled into his long, graceful and supple stride, leaving the pacesetter chores mostly to others, and floated past leader John Lawson midway through the last lap to win in the good time of 8:42.6.

It was a memorable evening for Keino and 13,419 spectators, but it merely closed out another chapter in the unlikely adventures of this amazing athlete who promises so much—and keeps his promises.

END



## ***PLENTY OF FISH IN THE SEA?***

*by* **MARTIN KANE**

Don't believe it. An ancient technique of commercial fishing has proved so efficient that sportsmen fear it will destroy big game fishing in a few years. Called long-lining, and used on an enormous scale by the Japanese, the practice already has begun to deplete the world stock of tuna, marlin and swordfish



ILLUSTRATION BY DON MOSS

The world population of big game fishes—most notably swordfish, the marlins, sailfish and the various tunas—is threatened with early decimation. A technique of commercial fishing that is centuries old but has been applied on a large scale only recently is ravaging the oceans. It is called long-lining, and it is the subject of dismayed denunciation in every big game fishing port on the coastal perimeter of the U.S., throughout the Caribbean, along the coast of Mexico, in Scandinavia, Australia and New Zealand. It has sparked skirmishes between sport and commercial fishermen. It has alarmed marine scientists, most of whom concede its devastating effects as a matter of common sense

but urgently need funds to establish scientifically the precise extent of the harm it has done to fish populations already and what its continued untrammelled use portends. Objective of the research: international controls. To many a saltwater angler the prospect that such controls can be instituted in time is dim.

Robert S. Nyburg, a Baltimore sport fisherman and advertising man who specializes in billfish, fears that "there may be no more [saltwater] sport fishing in this country" by 1970. (If you think striped bass are a sport fish, Nyburg does not know you. He thinks in terms of bigger game.) "There is a real and present danger," Nyburg says, "that,

*continued*

unless some fast action is taken, there will be no more marlin, sailfish, giant tuna or broadbill fishing on either coast of the United States in a very few years."

At least equally alarmed is Ed Louys, executive secretary and director of the Caribbean Gamefish Association.

"Soon there will be no fishing in the Caribbean," he said recently in Miami. "Commercial fishermen themselves told me this in Venezuela, in Trinidad, in Jamaica—that, unless restrictions are placed on this fishing, they will be destroyed. Since the long-lining thing came out we have been answering questions from hundreds of people asking what we should do, what can we do, to prevent overfishing."

Gerald Talbert, head of the Tiburon (Calif.) Marine Laboratory of the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife, believes that since the Japanese are by far the most extensive users of long-lining, "our only hope is to appeal to the basic good nature and the sense of fair play among the Japanese people." "If properly approached," he says, "I believe they would understand and withdraw from the sport-fishing area. So far as I know, no official protest has ever been entered."

Though there are others who hold that the only effective recourse would be a threat of economic sanctions in areas other than fishing, Talbert's view is by no means naive. The Japanese have been singularly cooperative in game-fish tagging programs aimed at understanding and eventual conservation of the fish involved and are more aware than any other national fishery of the excessive efficiency of long-lining. But they do need enormous quantities of fish to supply the protein requirements of their national diet, as do many island peoples. To pose the importance of recreational fishing against this need may be difficult, but there is more to it than that. While long-line fishing has been profitable for them, their catches have begun to thin out under long-lining pressure and they might well be amenable to international controls if these were to be proposed with sound scientific backing.

Unfortunately, sound scientific backing does not exist. If sufficient research grants were available immediately, it might take five years or more to put together a persuasive argument of solid scientific validity. In five years, many sport fishermen believe, the whole matter may be tragically academic.

Long-lining is as simple as it is ancient. Tie a line to the handle of a glass jug, add a hook and bait to the line and toss the jug over the side. As the jug drifts free, the bait will attract a fish. When a fish is hooked it pulls against the resistance of the jug and seemingly tries to drag it under. The jug always wins. The fish is inevitably exhausted. The fisherman recovers the jug and hauls in the fish.

Multiply that single hook by thousands and the glass jug by hundreds of glass-ball floats, all connected by surface lines that, strung together, may extend 10 miles or more, and you have long-lining, the deadliest method of ocean fishing ever devised.

The long-line's basic unit, called a "basket" because the line is coiled into baskets on deck, is a main line about 300 yards long, buoyed to the surface by float lines. Branch lines, to which baited hooks are attached, extend down into the water at variable depths. About 10 hooks are used

for every 300 yards or so of main line. Baskets are connected one to another until a length of 10 miles or more may be reached. Adrift in a current, such a line has the effect of a wide broom sweeping the sea.

Tuna constitute 85% of the Japanese catch in Pacific waters, the remaining 15% being billfish. The boats put out individually and in fleets, some accompanied by a mother ship, aboard which the catch is processed and canned. There is one major fishing firm which operates two mother ships and 112 catcher boats, each of them long-lining. At 10 miles to a line, though actually some lines are shorter, these 112 boats would represent 1,120 miles of fishing line in simultaneous operation.

Long-lining can deplete the sea itself. It has done just that in the Indian Ocean, which is the world's third largest and second deepest sea. Long-lining so drained it of yellowfin tuna—the catch dropped from 12 fish per 100 hooks set to about five per 100—that the Japanese all but quit fishing for them there. They switched to marlin and sailfish and in 1956 began to concentrate on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans in ever-widening scope. Now the Japanese seem to be fishing themselves out of the Atlantic. With declining catches there, half the Japanese Atlantic fleet has been ordered back to Japan. The bankruptcy inherent in long-lining is being seen in the Pacific, too. According to the Sport Fishing Institute in Washington, "Marlin harvests by Japanese long-liners fishing off the Pacific Coast of Central America" were poor in 1965—only three or four fish per boat, compared with catches of hundreds per boat in 1964. Average weight per fish was about two-thirds of what it used to be, a fact confirmed by sport fishermen, who note that along the Pacific Coast marlin once averaged 110 pounds and now are down to 60 or 70 pounds. Mexican resort owners, largely dependent on sport fishermen, are in a state of panic.

The Sport Fishing Institute, which is largely supported by tackle manufacturers and provides research grants for scientific institutions, observed in its November *Bulletin* that "bluefin tuna stocks in the Atlantic Ocean also may soon be in trouble." Not just long-lining but purse-seining threatens the Atlantic tuna population, to such an extent that O. V. Wells, deputy director-general of the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization, said last summer that "the rational utilization of tuna resources in the Atlantic Ocean requires urgent international attention." During 1962, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service found, U.S. fishermen landed a mere 40,000 pounds of tuna at Middle Atlantic ports. Two years later the U.S. figure had jumped to 6 million pounds, and the fishery had become so attractive that purse seiners were moving in from as far away as the Pacific coast.

The Japanese are by no means the only long-liners. The Norwegians are in the Atlantic, off the U.S. coast, concentrating on sharks but getting a share of swordfish and other gamesters too. Swedish sportsmen are decrying the fact that long-lining has begun to affect their salmon catch. Canada has some 250 vessels in the summer and 25 in the winter long-lining the Atlantic for swordfish, once taken mostly by harpoon as they lolled on the surface. The U.S. fishery has a score or so of long-lining vessels in the Atlantic, and these have been averaging 300 swordfish a trip

CONTINUED





you can say that again

THE TRUE OLD-STYLE KENTUCKY BOURBON

We're so much in the habit of one-upping everybody else that once in a while we even one-up ourselves. Like this year. After designing that defensible 1966 LeMans down there, we designed an extraordinary new 165-hp overhead cam six (like the ones in many European sports machines) and made it standard in all Tempests and LeMans. You can

even order a 207-hp version in a sports package which includes special suspension, distinctive emblems, and sports striping. Or one of our 250 or 285-hp V-8s. And we've added a host of safety items this year, like front and rear seat belts. (Be sure to use them.) With sweet inducements like these, how can you resist buying a LeMans? You can't.

**Does anything this sleek and luxurious really need a revolutionary new overhead cam six? No. We just like it better that way.**



during the peak fall season. Red China is long-lining, but no one knows to what extent, and the same is true of the U.S.S.R., which has just announced a new five-year plan aimed at increasing its catch more than 50%. Cubans are long-lining for marlin. And the Spanish are at it, too.

But all these, separately and together, are minuscule in comparison with the Japanese operation. Its growth from 1956 to 1963 was astronomical. In 1956, when 164,000 hooks were set by the Japanese, they caught seven metric tons of striped marlin (100 fish) and 50 metric tons of blue marlin (400 fish). By 1963 they had more than 30 million hooks out and took 8,236 metric tons of striped marlin (126,700 fish) and 9,413 metric tons of blue marlin (75,300 fish). Not to mention countless other billfish and tuna.

**T**oday Japan has 625,935 persons engaged directly in the fishing industry, a decline from the 790,000 so occupied in 1963. The decline was due largely to the fact that expansion of Japanese industry and higher wages on land pulled many a fisherman away from the sea.

Japanese boats, ranging in size from 300 to 800 tons, fish through the South Seas and deposit their catches in southeast Asia, then move on through the Indian Ocean to unload their next haul in Mediterranean ports. From the Mediterranean their course takes them into the South Atlantic, down through the Caribbean—some to the east coast of South America, others through the Panama Canal and out into the Pacific again, where they deposit their catches in Samoa before sailing back to Japan. This marketing system somewhat compromises the theory that the Japanese are seeking protein only for home consumption. Thirty percent of the fish taken by their wandering fleets, in fact, is sold to foreign countries.

Behind the explosive expansion of the long-line fishery is the development, in 1955, of the tuna hot dog, which has become widely popular in Japan. This sausage made possible the exploitation of the bigeye tuna, which had been held in low regard until then, the yellowfin and bluefin being preferred. Then the marlins began to be used for sausage and the billfish kill became a valuable adjunct to the tuna fishery. The Japanese also like marlin raw as *yasumi*, an appetizer. (North Americans seldom eat marlin, though it is esteemed in Latin America.)

Last year the Japanese fleets did not do too well, especially with tuna, but it is impossible to say whether the decline was due to overfishing, as sport fishermen insist, or changes in water temperature, available food and salinity, as some marine scientists suspect.

There is no reason to suppose that it was not both. There is every good reason to believe that overfishing, by purse seiners as well as long-liners, is the leading villain. The 1964 annual report of the Inter-American Tropical Tuna Commission recalled that in 1962 Dr. Milner B. Schaefer, then its director of investigations, was able to assert that "the maximum average equilibrium catch" of yellowfin tuna would be in the vicinity of 183 million pounds. In other words, overfishing would begin at this point. The catch in 1959 was 145.4 million pounds, jumped sharply to 234.2 and 239.8 in 1960 and 1961 respectively, fell off for a couple of years, then rose again to 197.8 in 1964.

On the other hand, some few commercial fishermen, perhaps responding to long years of warfare with sport-fishing interests, profess to see no threat to the tuna-fishing industry from long-lining. One of these is August Felando, general manager of the American Tuna Boat Association in San Diego. Felando points out that the Japanese are primarily interested in bigeye tuna, which are deep swimmers and unimportant to either the U.S. commercial fishery or sport fishery. The yellowfin has become a secondary prize (20% of the total catch in the eastern Pacific), and bluefin tuna are only occasionally taken by the Japanese in the Pacific.

But Felando does concede that his association's boats see increasing numbers of Japanese long-liners fishing off the Mexican coast and that these are working primarily for swordfish and marlin.

Bruce Barnes and Bill Poole, partners in a San Diego charter-fishing operation, believe that the decline in the marlin catch out of San Diego during the 1965 season could well be attributed to the more extensive use of the long-line technique off the Mexican and South American coasts. In 1963 the confirmed count of marlin at San Diego docks was 1,500. In 1965 it had dropped to 400.

There is something approaching terror on the Atlantic side of the Mexican-Central American land strip.

"This year [1965] is the worst Jamaica has had," says Ed Louys. "In the blue-marlin tournament only five fish were caught and the biggest weighed 162 pounds. But a Japanese vessel which needed medical attention for one of its crew put into Montego Bay in late September. It was loaded with blue marlin."

Sportsmen like Louys are not impressed by the fact that the Japanese and other long-liners are harvesting protein. The profits derived from sport fishing, they feel, are a source of life, too, for those engaged in boatbuilding, tackle-making, resort maintenance and allied servicing of sport-fishermen. In the U.S. alone, salt-water sport fishermen spent \$626,191,000 in 1960, according to the U.S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. Talbert notes that in 1960 1.7 billion pounds of edible fish were caught commercially, but marine sport fishing brought in almost as much—1.4 billion pounds. So, say the sportsmen, their kind of fishing is a rich source of protein, too, and does not deplete the available stock.

But the high seas are free, whether they be considered to begin three miles, 12 miles or 200 miles out from shore. Besides, it is not just coastal overfishing that threatens the sportsman. The pelagic fish he most esteems are far-ranging wanderers, and it matters not a whit whether they are destroyed five miles out or 500.

Since no practical means of controlling the long-liners has yet been devised, or even proposed, a few frustrated sport fishermen have been taking matters into their own hands. Long-line sets have been destroyed in the Atlantic. Off Acapulco, sport fishermen, persistently wreaking havoc on long-liners off their coast, forced one Japanese vessel to abandon the area as too expensive. U.S. sport-fishing boats sailing off the shores of Baja California play a game called "ocean skeet." They shatter the long-liners' glass buoys with shotguns.

The damage inflicted by such means is, of course, a mere

*continued*

nursance and will have little or no effect on the enormous enterprise that long-lining has become. But when a Japanese long-liner ran aground last September on the southernmost tip of Baja California, Mexican fishermen indulged in soul-satisfying fantasies to account for the wreck and take credit for it.

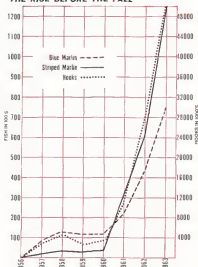
The 350-ton vessel crashed onto a reef at about 2 a.m. The 18 men aboard all got ashore safely. Some commercial and sport fishermen went aboard and found the boat equipped with the very latest in navigational and fish-finding equipment, from radar to sonar. Stacked in her freezer locker below decks were an estimated 140 tons of tuna, 40 tons of marlin and an unknown quantity of shark meat, in addition to dolphin, wahoo and sailfish.

How to account for the wreck? The Mexicans wink and tell any of a number of stories:

1) Mexican fishermen turned off the light in the lighthouse. (Ah, but with all that electronic gear a modern vessel does not bother with lighthouses.)

2) They turned off the light and set up another light atop a high cliff to lead the Japanese astray. (But the radar would have indicated the huge land mass—cliffs several hundred feet high on the beach—behind the Judas light.)

### THE RISE BEFORE THE FALL



EFFICIENCY of long-lining and its devastating effect on big game species—striped and blue marlins here—are indicated by the almost perpendicular rise of the Japanese catch between 1960 and 1963.

3) Long-line sets are equipped with transistorized "hom-ing" buoys that send out a signal to guide the fishing boat to where the sets have drifted. The Mexicans took one such buoy and put it on the beach. (This one is more ingenious than plausible. The Japanese navigational gear again would have fooled the plot.)

What hope is there, since even the wishful cleverness of Mexican wreckers is no match for the vast Japanese fleet? One theory, not very attractive, is that overfishing will solve itself.

"In some ways long-lining may be considered self-limiting," says Frank J. Mather III, associate scientist at Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution and himself a sport fisherman. "When the catch declines enough it becomes unprofitable. I think there is cause for concern but don't know what can be done. Agreement among all the nations involved would be very difficult."

"We know the extent of long-lining," Mather says, "but we have no idea of the size of fish populations." Such knowledge would be essential to the establishment of meaningful international controls, but it simply is not there to be laid on the bargaining table.

There is unanimity among marine scientists that research is a *sine qua non* of international controls.

"We are getting more and more letters from Congressmen inquiring about long-lining," says Albert H. Swartz, assistant chief of the Division of Fishery Research of the U. S. Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife. "Some people are advocating an extensive research program. Others are talking about an international convention—but there are no facts to bring to it. A research program would take about five years before we could go to the Japanese regarding conservation measures."

Swartz made a point that sport fishermen and their associations might consider.

"Until now," he said, "international conventions have always been on food fish. The sport fishery has never been represented. Now sport fishing should be represented. The International Game Fishing Association should have a voice."

It should indeed. And so should all sport fishermen, organized or unorganized, who know the names and addresses of their Congressmen, who, in turn, might well be persuaded to initiate preliminary negotiations with the Japanese while a crash research program is under way. The extent of this crisis cannot wait for precise scientific determination. The commonsense evidence is plentiful now. At this juncture the need for controls is clear. In the long run, controls need not deprive the Japanese of their protein supply. They could, in fact, preserve it.

Edward W. Allen recently was chairman of an international meeting which sought, unsuccessfully, to institute new controls on fishing in the North Pacific. Though he spoke in another context, in a statement to the conference he may have suggested the theme for a preliminary meeting of world sport-fishing associations and the leading fishing nations. He put it this way:

"Ocean fisheries should not be deemed to exist merely for the benefit of [commercial] fishermen and cannery operators, but should be considered to be a great trust for the benefit of humanity."

END



**Tops in the class of '66  
new Rambler Rogue  
...with Budd-built body parts**

With its razzle-dazzle performance, the new Rambler Rogue runs away with top honors in its class. It's a fleet-footed stalwart that's most likely to succeed with the lively set. The Rogue is one of 28 popular American cars for which Budd supplies quality components.

Budd products include: Fenders • Hoods •  
Roofs • Doors • Body Panels • Chassis  
Frames • Wheels • Hubs • Drums • Brakes.

**Budd** *AUTOMOTIVE*  
Detroit, Mich. 48215  
"An equal opportunity employer."



## COTTON FIRES UP LITTLE SMOKY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANSON CARROLL

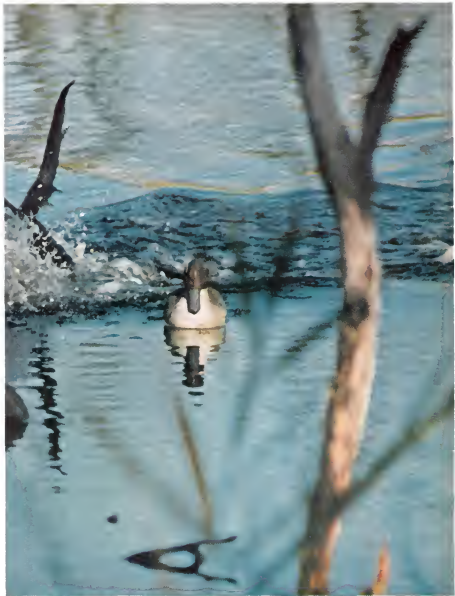
The finest field-trial retriever in the country is National Champion Martens Little Smoky, the 6-year-old Labrador seen at right driving through a cornfield to retrieve a pheasant. In a demanding and expensive sport that grows more competitive every year, Smoky is only half of a championship team. The other team member, who trained and campaigned Smoky for Owner John Olin and guided the dog to victory in the National at Bombay Hook National Wildlife Refuge near Smyrna, Del., is T. W. (Cotton) Pershall, who gives his champion a hand signal in the picture at left. The photographs on the following pages show Smoky in action as he—and Pershall—defeated 44 of the country's top field-trial retrievers in a dog-tiring, four-day competition.



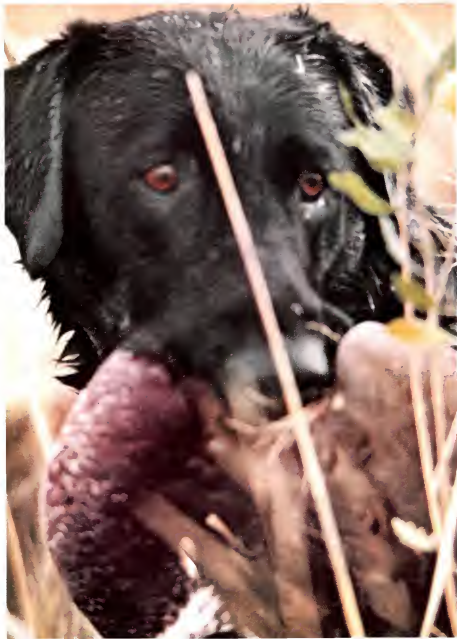


In a "running water" test, the eager and powerful champion retrieves a mallard. Like a tugboat, the dog





pushes a bow wave ahead of him as he drives through the gooey mud bottom of a shallow marsh pond.



# MARK OF A CHAMPION

To take a spirited young retriever and make him into a finished and dependable field-trial champion without sacrificing any of the dog's drive and eagerness is a trying task. One man who has been doing just that for nearly 30 years is Cotton Pershall, the most successful professional trainer in a sport that grows more popular every year with affluent Americans. A husky, 51-year-old Arkansan with sandy hair, Pershall has managed Industrialist-Sportsman John Olin's modern, antiseptic Nilo Kennels in East Alton, Ill. for 14 years and has turned out some 25 champion field-trial Labradors. His record in the Nationals is unassailable—he has qualified 81 dogs for 21 Nationals, won the championship four times (three times with Olin's dogs) and trained two more dogs that went on to win for others. Martens Little Smoky is a typical Pershall champion.

At Pershall's suggestion, John Olin bought Smoky as a 3-year-old from Trainer Frank Hogan of Hayward, Wis. for a reported \$1,000, a bargain price, as it turned out. The dog had been bred by Lawrence Martens of Sank Rapids, Minn., whose strain of Labradors was very much in vogue at the National—five Martens-bred dogs ran in the championship, and two of them, Smoky and Martens Stormy, trained and handled by Pershall, completed all 10 series in the trial.

"Smoky had it from the start," says Pershall. "He had class, which covers most everything—speed, good nose, eagerness—and he was a very brassy dog. Lots of young fireballs just fold up under serious training, but Smoky was the kind of tough dog that could take correction and still enjoy the game." Regarded by most field-trialers as a "gentler trainer than most," Pershall shuns all of the currently popular electronic devices such as shock collars and transistorized radio transmitters. He works his dogs on tests

that resemble those encountered in a trial.

"I give a dog 15 minutes in the water, 15 minutes on land and then change the test and start again," Pershall explains. "The dog gets an hour or so of work every day. If he has trouble with a particular test, you stay with it until he gets the message. A good retriever comes equipped with a lot of intelligence, but it takes several years of constant polishing before he really gets field-trial smart. That's why most dogs in a National are 5 or 6 years old, or more." In answer to the common criticism that field-trial retrievers are simply mechanical robots who are whipped into submission, Pershall says: "It doesn't work that way. More than in any other kind of field trial, a retriever trial is a test of the relationship between the dog and the handler. If you can't get close to a dog you can forget about running him in trials, because he's just not liking it and he'll show it sooner or later."

Retriever trials today are more demanding than ever, the quality of dog work is infinitely better than it was 10 years ago and there are more good dogs competing. In fact, the competition has reached the point where any dog that places in a large-entry, open all-age stake anywhere in the U.S. is a major leaguer, whether he ever qualifies for the National or not. Says Bing Grumwald, a long-time trialler: "It used to be that a dog was almost always given straightaway marks [birds that the dog "marks" as they fall through the air] or blinds [planted dead birds that the dog is "handled" to with whistles, hand signals and voice commands]. Now the tests are tougher. The dog must take a finer line from the handler, often on an angle through disconcertingly thick cover, and still get to a mark on his own and to a blind with little handling."

So tough is the competition that of the some 2,500 dogs that ran in 124 open all-age stakes in the U.S. in 1965 only 55 managed to earn the required seven points (including a five-point win) to qualify for the National.

Despite the preponderance of professional handlers, a growing number of ama-

teurs, most of them with professionally trained dogs, are doing surprisingly well on the trial circuit.

But few owners or, for that matter, few professional trainers have the grounds and the financial backing that Cotton Pershall enjoys. There are currently 10 field-trial champions at Nilo Kennels and a bevy of promising young prospects coming up. Thus it was not surprising when Pershall arrived at Bombay Hook with four Labradors in the back of his station wagon. Three of them completed the trial, but it was only Smoky who, as Pershall says, "just couldn't put a wrong foot down."

"The tests in a retriever trial are the fairest of all field trials," says James B. Jackson, the president of the 1965 National. "The only variables are wind, light and the length of the fall of the bird, and it is this consistency that has kept retriever trials from becoming mere circuses for a type of performing freak that has no practical purpose or value." The judges at the 1965 National managed to set up most of the tests so that a dog had to take a fine mental line and hold it in tall corn or through a maze of thick tules, across stump-studded swamp ponds and through tangles of duck weed.

By the end of the seventh series Smoky was the dog to beat. In the eighth series, a tough, triple land blind—three planted birds hidden in a low-cut turnip field—Smoky virtually clinched the trial, getting all three birds with a minimum of handling, despite a confusing lateral ditch that threw several dogs entirely off course. In all 10 series Pershall had to handle Smoky only once on a mark. There was little doubt who the National winner would be.

Posing with his champion for pictures after the trial, Pershall explained that Smoky was automatically qualified to defend his championship in the 1966 National. "He should be a better dog then," Pershall said. "He'll be a year older and more settled." At that moment a car started up and headed down the dirt road, sending up a swirling cloud of dust. Pershall reacted instantly, grabbing Smoky's collar with one hand and covering his nose and eyes with the other. "Easy, Smoky dog," he mumbled. "You got to take care of me for at least one more year."

—DUNCAN BARNES

A wide-eyed and eager Smoky brings back a pheasant, holding it gently but firmly in his mouth.

Known as "the Little Devil" to French-Canadian fans, Makiela has a reputation among his fellow players as a man with a great big chip on his shoulder.

NEIL LUTHER





## THE BLACK HAWKS' NO. 2 TRIES HARDER

Stan Mikita is no Bobby Hull, but as the second best player on the Hawks team he is determined to get Chicago its first NHL championship by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**

There is a small basement bar in Montreal a couple of snow-covered alleyways up from the hotel where most of the visiting National Hockey League teams stay when they play the Canadians. It is so dingy and obscure that you can't even find a sign telling its name—if it has one. No women are allowed there, no jukeboxes are heard and the hockey players can push a couple of iron tables together and enjoy their after-game pints of beer and ale free from the adulation of the city's bellicose autograph seekers. One night, not long ago, after a key game between the two top teams in the NHL, cub after cub pulled up to the little bar, disgorging players from Chicago until the entire Black Hawk team was inside, grouped around nine tables pushed together in the shape of the letter T. At the top of the T sat Bobby Hull, hockey's No. 1 star. Several stitches criss-crossed the bridge of his nose and, thanks to a double body check which threw him against the sideboards late in the game, he was forced to sit stiffly on the edge of his chair to relieve a severe ache in his back. Near Hull sat Doug Mohns, the building former Boston defenseman turned Chicago forward, who was having trouble focusing his eyes because he was still woozy from taking seven stitches in his left ear. At the bottom of the T sat the smallest Hawk of all, Stan Mikita (see cover), wearing a tan ten-gallon Stetson. The players grew quiet as the late sports news came over the Canadian Broadcasting System. "The Chicago Black Hawks," said the commentator, "beat the Canadians at the Forum tonight 4-2, to go three points up on Montreal in the league standings." "That," said Stan,

lifting his glass in a toast to his teammates, "was the biggest game we have won in the last three years!"

If the toast had in it overtones of both satisfaction and bitterness, it was because Stan and the Hawks had too often in the past started off a season looking like sure winners only to fold when the championship was all but in their grasp. Twice in the last three seasons, the Hawks lost the title by a single point. Last year, after leading the league once again, they won only two of their final 12 games to finish a desultory third.

That crucial victory in Montreal made it plain that the Black Hawks have had their mangled ears searched one time too many by the fans' shouts of "choke," "fold" and "collapse," and they are out to get the monkeys off their backs.

If they succeed, it will certainly be due in large part to the two top Hawks, Hull and Mikita, both of whom are striving not only for a team championship but for personal records—Hull in goals, Mikita in goals and assists. That night in Montreal was a big one for both of them. Mikita assisted Hull on the important first goal of the game to get the Hawks off to a good start. After that, he took charge of the puck in 34 of the 35 face-offs he was involved in to give the Hawks possession time and time again, particularly in the defensive zone. It was a pattern that has been repeated many times over in other Hawks' games.

To understand the current state of the NHL and Chicago's peculiar place in it, it is necessary to reflect briefly on the past. In the season

*continued*

of 1960-61, the Montreal Canadiens after winning five consecutive Stanley Cups and three straight league championships, finally began to feel age nipping at their heels. That year the once invincible Canadiens were knocked out of the cup playoffs in the opening round by the Hawks. As newcomers like Mikita, Hull and Billy Hay joined their burly talents to those of such still young "veterans" as Ken Wharram, Pete Piliot, Moose Vasko, Eric Nesterenko and Goalie Glenn Hall, Chicago went on to win the cup.

The following year, although the Canadiens told lies to their legs for another grand last effort, the Hawks again pushed them out of the playoffs, primarily because of a record 21 points scored by Mikita in 12 games. Chicago lost that Stanley Cup in the finals, but the Montreal monopoly had ended, and today the Canadiens are just one of four good teams skating on NHL ponds. In the three seasons since then, those four teams have been as evenly matched as dice being spun around in a bird cage. Chicago and Detroit have each won 102 games, Montreal has won 100 and Toronto 98 (The Boston Bruins and New York Rangers are not even allowed to get into the cage since by Halloween both are usually eliminated from serious contention.) Of the four, Chicago remains the most bewildering. During

these last three seasons it has twice led the league in scoring, has given up the fewest goals, has placed twice as many players on the league's All-Star teams as any of the others and has won none of the NHL's prized trophies for individual excellence compared to three for any of the other clubs. Yet it is the only one of the four that has failed to win a championship. Because of all this, the Hawks have earned themselves an unenviable reputation as a "first-half hockey team," leading even their most ardent fans to modify expectations for the current season much as a guest might modify his appetite when approaching the table of a host known to serve excellent soup and fish followed invariably by a rotten roast.

This year the soup and fish in Chicago are hotter than ever; the Black Hawks have completed the best first-half season in their entire history. Hull is banking pucks at a rate that should easily enable him to break hockey's heretofore impenetrable scoring barrier, the 50-goal season, and Stan Mikita is shooting as well as ever, getting 19.3% of his shots-on-goal into the net. From now until the middle of March, the Hawks will play 22 games of which 14 are at home. Of the eight road games, two are against the Rangers in Madison Square Garden, where Chicago has lost only four of

its last 24 appearances. Everything is right there in front of the Hawks now and they realize it. For the voodoo-ridden team of other years, that might spell trouble, but the situation seems to be different now.

"Hockey players often refuse to say how they feel about certain things," Mikita said recently. "But we have been burned enough. Wherever we go around the league we are accused of choking. There is a loudmouth who sits behind the bench in Boston and gives it to us all the time—accusing us of quitting when it counts. You can't hear him when you are out on the ice, but you hear him when you are on the bench and that's enough."

For years, Coach Punch Imlach's Toronto Maple Leafs have been known for coasting along through the regular season, letting the championship go so they can save their strength for the playoffs. The Black Hawks of 1965-66 have quite another attitude; they want that championship. "For those who don't understand hockey it may seem ridiculous to wear yourself out playing 70 games to win the league title and get only \$2,250 when you might win the cup in eight games and get \$3,500," explains Mikita. "But winning the title this year is now a matter of pride with us and hockey players exist on pride." This year the 5-foot-9 center, known to French-speaking fans as *Le Petit Double*, is determined not only to win for the Hawks but to become the second man ever to lead the NHL in overall scoring for three straight years. The first and last player to do it was that ageless elf, Gordie Howe of the Red Wings, who must have sat down with Emil Waldneufel a century ago to help him write *The Skaters' Waltz*.

Like Gordie, Mikita is an all-round hockey player, but he is not as spectacular as Bobby Hull, nor is he equipped with Hull's brute strength. Hull's marvelous combination of speed, build, strength and looks forces Stan to play Gehrig to Bobby's Ruth, but Gehrig was a pretty fair ballplayer. Hull has outscored Mikita in goals over the last four seasons by 40, yet Mikita has outscored Hull in total points by 25.

When Mikita takes over at center ice, he digs into the corners to free the puck and then skates effortlessly over the enemy's blue line with the puck out in front, drawing the defense toward him. Once

continued



FACING OFF AGAINST NEW YORK'S EARL INGARFIELD, MIKITA WINS ONCE AGAIN



## **Solid funpower!** **New 'Jeep' V-6!**

Nobody makes 'em like this one. It's solid all the way through—solid build, solid looks, solid performance. Choose hot new V-6 engine or world-famous 'Hurricane' 4. You really 'fly' down the highway with that 160 h.p. 'Jeep' V-6—that's why we call it the Flying 'Jeep' Universal. And snow, ice, rugged country just add to the fun. Take your pick: familiar "little guy" or jaunty 'Jeep' Tuxedo Park Mark IV. Both offer 81" or 101" wheelbases, choice of tops, new colors, even bucket seats. You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Look him up in the Yellow Pages.

**The Flying 'Jeep'**  
**Universal**  
with 4-wheel drive



**KAISER Jeep CORPORATION**  
501-1001 1/2 Street



*Eastern Wings - Eastern Airlines Stewardess*

Why does an Eastern Stewardess wear a suit designed by Don Loper?

For the same reason our fleet has a sparkling new look.



For the same reason you can await your flight call in a Falcon Lounge. Or be helped by one of our Ground Hostesses. Or be served a dinner on First Class Famous Restaurant flights prepared by Voisin, The Pump Room and other famous restaurants.

Why is there new quiet on Eastern, new comfort, new convenience? Because we are finding new ways to make Eastern the finest airline you've ever flown on. New ways to say, "Thank you for flying on Eastern."



See how much better an airline can be



the defense is committed to Stan's center position, a wingman on the right or left is wide open and Stan's lightning pass often sets up a shot on the net. Sometimes Mikita's turn lasts only a minute, but last year he assisted on 59 goals, a league record, and scored 28. Two seasons back he bagged 39 goals himself.

But it is Mikita's ability to win face-offs that sets him apart from most of the players in the league. Whenever the Hawks are in trouble and the face-off is in the defensive zone, Mikita will slide over the sideboards and go out to win the face-off, thus getting the Hawks out of danger.

Players as good and as small as Mikita are obvious targets for the bigger men in the league, and Mikita has a reputation as a "chippy" player—one who infuriates the opponent. Allan Stanley of Toronto sums him up this way: "Mikita may look like a small man, but there are no small men in the National Hockey League, at least no small men who aren't men. If you give Stan a little jab, he reacts immediately. Most players will wait for a chance to retaliate, but Mikita will give it right back to you in the same motion. And he can be ornery himself." Mikita has led NHL centers in penalties for six straight years.

More than 200 stitches have been embroidered into Stan's leathery features since he came into the NHL seven seasons ago. Before that he played a spectacular season with the St. Catharines Teepees in the Ontario Hockey Association, on the same line with Hull. His very first spin on big-league ice was against the Montreal Canadiens. He won the first face-off from Jean Beliveau, one of the great centers of all time, then got by that almost legendary defenseman, Doug Harvey. Young Stan was so thrilled at these exploits that he didn't see Tom Johnson coming in from the side to knock him right off his skates. "I remember my second game, too," he says. "It was in Boston and I went out and got the puck and started up the ice, and all I remember after that is crawling back to the bench on my hands and knees."

Stan Mikita was born Stanislav Gvoth in Sokolce, Czechoslovakia on May 20, 1940. His father worked in a textile factory, his mother in the fields. When the Communists took over the country in 1948, the Gvoths decided that it would be best to send young Stanislav away, out of Czechoslovakia if possible. Mi-

kita was 8 then, and his aunt and uncle from Canada, Joe and Anne Mikita, were visiting the Gvoths in Sokolce. They wanted to adopt a child and bring it back to St. Catharines with them. For days the Gvoths fought back the tears that came when they considered what the times were forcing them to do. It was just before Christmas, and Mikita remembers well what happened. "I was lying in bed and I got hungry and asked my mother for some bread and jam. They had discussed going to America with me and they were talking about it when I hollered for the bread and jam. I came down the stairs and my mother said 'No' because she thought I shouldn't have the bread and jam then. I thought she was saying 'No' to my going to Canada. I began to cry and everyone cried."

"When my aunt and uncle finally were taking me to the station in Prague, I wondered what Canada would be like, but when I got to the station and saw that the train was ready to pull out and that my mother and father were going to be left behind I wrapped my arms around a pole and cried. Every inch of the train ride I plotted to jump off and go back to my mother and father. Now I often go in to see my own little daughter at night as she sleeps in her bed, and I think what agony my mother and father must have gone through."

When Mikita arrived in St. Catharines he was convinced that the streets were lined with gold. "It was three days before Christmas and everything seemed so beautiful and everyone so friendly," he says. One day he looked out of the apartment building where the Mikitas lived, and he saw some boys playing hockey in the street below. He had strapped double-runner skates on his feet a few times in Sokolce and skated over a pond pushing a cork with a stick. But he didn't know the game of hockey as these boys were now playing it. He knew no English at all, but one of the boys gave him a stick and tried to explain the game. Stan took the stick, and when the first boy tried to get past him he hit the boy with the stick. His first three words of English were "puck," "stick" and "goal." Quickly he learned other words like "D.P." and "Foreigner."

"Although I had been in the third grade back in Sokolce," he recalls now, "I was put in the kindergarten in St.

Catharines. I learned the language and was promoted to the third grade very soon. But I had this love for hockey, and at 9 I played in a little league that was supposed to be for boys 12-14. In the morning I used to get up at 5:30 and ride on my bike out to a rink and just stand around and wait to be asked to play. It took half an hour to get to the rink and sometimes I could practice for two and a quarter hours before school began. There was an instructor there and a hard one. We used to have to do things right, or he would hit us hard in the shins with a broom. I remember that broom very well and appreciate now what it did for me."

As Mikita worked his way through high school by playing hockey in the semipro, he moved in and out of other sports with amazing skill. He played a game of bantam lacrosse in 1954 and scored eight of his team's 12 goals. One afternoon when the Teepees were returning from a hockey trip the bus let him off at Salafleet where the senior team was playing football. It was half time, and Mikita got dressed and went out and scored a touchdown and led the team to victory.

Mikita is not a handsome man today. There are puffles and cuts around his face, which make his eyes resemble slits. On the ice, with his black hair plastered down, he looks like a walking ad for "Greasy Kid Stuff." But the chippiness on the ice dissolves when he skates off it, and he savors being *Le Petit Double*.

"Things will come up every year," Mikita said one evening. "You know that someone will write a story saying that Mikita and Hull are feuding because Mikita is jealous of Hull getting all the publicity. We laugh at this, Bobby and I. When I first came to Chicago and walked into the dressing room he came over and put his arm around me. He took me in, and we lived together for a year and a half. We have been in business together. We are different types of players, and I see what Bobby can do as well as anyone. Bobby has the type of personality that allows him to stand and sign autographs after losing a game, but I am not built that way. I will walk away and I can hear what people are saying about me. Maybe it is wrong, but that's Stan Mikita."

"How does it feel to be considered No. 2?" you ask Stan Mikita. "Show me the man who ever considers himself No. 2 in anything," is his answer.

END



## A stranger stars in a Crosby cliffhanger

For three days all eyes were on golf's famed figures, but then both players and gallery met a fellow named Messengale

There are at least 140 healthy American, Canadian and Australian males between the ages of 18 and 45 whose only visible means of support is winning money every weekend on the PGA tournament circuit. Last year more than half of them earned more with their golf sticks than the base pay of a rear admiral in the U.S. Navy, which is a very nice thing indeed for an athlete.

Yet, when a large number of these artisans—and enough others to bring the total to 168—assembled for the 25th Bing Crosby National Pro-Am last week, the galleries seemed to feel that the only serious contestants were Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Tony Lema and Billy Casper. Some of the largest crowds in the history of tournament golf, starting at better than 20,000 on Thursday and growing steadily on the succeeding days, fought for vantage points to get glimpses of the favorites while practically ignoring everyone else in the field except for a few amateurs from TV studios, such as Andy Williams and Dean Martin, and two pros from Chavez Ravine, Sandy Koufax and Don Drysdale.

It should not be assumed from this that

the Crosby gallery had been swept up in the show-biz atmosphere of the event and simply been blinded by the big names. There was good cause for the selective pattern of their viewing. But, as things turned out, there were also some reasons not to have been so selective—such as watching the winner play nine or so.

What the gallery sensed was that this may well be an unusually formful year in pro golf, which means the drama will consistently center around Nicklaus, Palmer, Lema, Casper and the still-absent Gary Player. The trend began with the L.A. Open, where Palmer, back on cigarettes and back on his game, won by three strokes. The next week Billy Casper, thinner than ever thanks to his bizarre diet, ate a hippopotamus steak and won the San Diego Open by four strokes. Lema, meanwhile, had used those two weeks to play himself back into top shape, and now came the arrival of the imposing man everybody just had to see in his first 1966 tournament, Nicklaus.

Nicklaus was the source of special curiosity, even though he regards the Crosby as little more than a brief golfing picnic—he will not really settle down to

work until the Florida tournaments in mid-March. When he arrived at Pebble Beach he had played only five rounds of golf in the past month. "I actually come here for the fun of it," Jack explained. "A lot of my amateur friends come out to play, so it gives us a week to be together. It is also the only chance I get all year to see Pebble Beach, which is one of the world's best courses. But I'm not playing anywhere near well enough to make a good showing."

Nor will he be for some time, apparently. He is going to attend a PGA business school in San Antonio in February in order to hasten his acceptance as a full PGA member. After that he will take off immediately for a tour of South Africa with his wife, Barbara, and their respective parents. His host will be his good friend Gary Player, with whom he is planning to do some fishing and play half a dozen exhibitions.

When he gets back from South Africa, Nicklaus intends to devote himself to making 1966 a much different year than 1965, though one wonders why, since all he did was win five tournaments and \$140,752.14. "I'm going to practice a

lot more this year," he says. "After the last Masters, my game deteriorated a lot. The only thing that saved me was my putting. Starting in May, I'm going to try to follow a schedule of playing two weeks and taking a week off, then playing two more weeks and then another week off. That will give me a chance to rest and practice. Last year, when I was trying to play almost every week, it was just too much. I'd get muscle fatigue and I couldn't hold my concentration."

"Another trouble was that I got to driving the ball much too low. I think it started after I put a lift in the heel of my right shoe. It only raises me a fraction of an inch, but I think that was enough to change my swing slightly. This year I'm going to start working on driving the ball higher and sharpening my short game, which has never been as good as it should be."

Perhaps it was by changing his swing slightly that Nicklaus hit two of the Crosby's more memorable drives. Although he never looked like a serious contender after the second day, on Sunday Nicklaus had the makings of one of the half-dozen sub-par rounds of the day at Pebble Beach. The weather was unexpectedly fine, as it had been every day—"a Crosby drought," someone called it—with nothing more troublesome than a brisk winter wind to contend with. Yet the two stubborn finishing holes at Pebble Beach finished Nicklaus. After a bogey 4 at the 17th he hooked two drives into the ocean at the crescent-shaped 530-yard 18th and ended up with a 9 that left him in a tie for 24th place. Lemn likewise took a 41 on the back nine for an unpleasant closing round of 79 that dropped him from fifth place to 16th, and Casper came in with a 74 to tie for 13th.

It turned out, then, that the enormous Crosby gallery had wasted an awful lot of time chasing three-fourths of the awesome foursome when their attention could have been directed toward a trio whose names sounded like a broker's office in a Marx Brothers' movie: Massengale, Martindale and Geiberger.

As Sunday began, skinny Al Geiberger, who is about as thin as the peanut-butter sandwiches he often eats during tournament play, held a three-stroke lead over the field. In second place was Bill Martindale, a bespectacled young man from Texas, the golf foundry that seems to supply 19 out of every 20 youths who

join the professional tour. A stroke behind Martindale was Don Massengale, another Texan, who was tied with Palmer at two under par.

It was assumed that no one but Palmer had a chance to catch Geiberger, for neither of the Texans had ever won a PGA tournament. Geiberger, on the other hand, quietly ambles along the tour, winning a championship here and there. In 1965 he proved his durability over a long and difficult course by winning the American Golf Classic at the Firesome Country Club in Akron, and it was Palmer he beat. He finished the year eighth on the money list, winning \$59,700. Self-possessed and seemingly free of nerves, Geiberger appeared to be just the man who would not get rattled in the face of a Palmer charge, even though he once said of himself, "I've had a tendency to blow leads."

But it was Massengale who stirred the early excitement. His eagle and birdie on the 2nd and 3rd holes brought him quickly even with Geiberger, who started routinely. All through the middle part of the course the two exchanged the lead, the stolid, 28-year-old Massengale trudging along with his stoop-shouldered walk in the foursome just ahead of the one containing Geiberger and Palmer. Martindale, who was paired with Massengale, was having problems keeping a stroke ahead of par, so he and Palmer were more or less on even terms, depending on who got the bogey and who got the birdie. Occasionally Lemn or Bob Goalby would come into the picture, only to fade out again.

Suddenly, at the 12th and 13th holes, a consecutive bogey-double bogey dropped Geiberger back into a tie with Palmer and Martindale. And now you had to ask . . . Massengale?

Going into the final four holes Massengale held a two-stroke lead, but that unmistakable rear kept coming from the green just behind him as Palmer—the 1956 Palmer—started one of his moves. He birdied 15. He sank a putt from off the green to birdie 16. He saved a par with an eight-foot putt on 17. It was enough to unnerve anybody; certainly enough to rattle a what's-his-name. But Massengale, to use the Texas vernacular, can play. Coming down the terrifying 18th, he judiciously guided two wood shots away from the Pacific Ocean. Then he hit a splendid three-quarter eight-iron under the branches of one of the huge pine

trees lining the right side of the fairway over a trap and down to within five feet of the hole. His pressure putt for the birdie 4 was in the cup all the way, and it turned out that he needed it. For Palmer also got a birdie to finish second, one stroke back, Martindale and Geiberger tied for third.

A few moments later Don Massengale, the quiet country boy from Jacksboro, Texas, was accepting the winner's check of \$11,000, almost as much as he won all last year. He kept tugging at his cap and saying "sir" to everybody, and finally he tried to explain how he happened to win a tournament after nearly six years on the tour. "I had been playing real well, I thought like," he drawled, "so I thought maybe I might do fairly well at the Crosby." For him it was a speech.

Mrs. Massengale was there, too, and she was doubly pleased. She had almost decided not to come to the course because she wanted to save the baby-sitting money. But she did come, and she was one up on the rest of the Crosby gallery—she knew all the time which golfer to watch.

END



MASSENGALE TRIED A WINNER'S WAVE

## *Jo-Jo joins the Jayhawk mob on Snob Hill*

Kansas handled its traditional rival with ease last week, and now it has a skillful backcourt recruit in the quest for national honors



MUSCULAR JO-JO WHITE HELPS KANSAS WIN HIS LAST GAME WITH FRESHMAN TEAM

The largest basketball crowd on campus this year was on hand Saturday night when Snob Hill beat Silo Tech 69-61. Those in Kansas who could not get in watched on a statewide TV network or heard it on radio or just plain talked about it. Kansans have never liked anything better than to talk about Snob Hill or Silo Tech, but they are especially loquacious nowadays with strangers from the East who come asking questions and do not display notebooks—you never know when Truman Capote might be through again.

Silo Tech and Snob Hill are, in the more polite vernacular, respectively Kansas State and Kansas University, and they have an intrastate basketball rivalry as stern as any in the nation. Though both schools are located in the eastern section of Kansas, K-State, the agricultural school in Manhattan, is favored by the farmers of the west, KU by the—relatively, now—east-state sophisticates. Only one out of 11 K-State undergraduates is majoring in agriculture in these soil-bank days, but the brethren at KU, in Lawrence, will not let the cow-college image die. Similarly, the Manhattanites rail at KU as a hotbed of chichi cosmopolitanism—although a visitor to Lawrence has difficulty discovering anything more fashionable in the way of attire than high school letter jackets with cream-colored sleeves.

But never yet have stereotypes failed to enhance a Kansas-Kansas State basketball game. Interest was higher than usual this year, what with Kansas striving for national honors, and both teams battling Nebraska for the Big Eight title. Besides, basketball was welcomed gratefully this season in the Sunflower State, Kansas having gone 2-8 in football and Kansas State 0-10. The game last Saturday produced the first sellout at Allen Field House since February 3, 1958, when the Jayhawks had Wilt Chamberlain and the Wildcats were running up a 22-5 record. Those were the glory days for K-State—it was ranked No. 1 in the nation the next year. But the school is set way out in the broken grazing land where the Flint Hills peter out, and it has never really had much success in recruiting winning talent in other sports. Coach Tex Winter's charm still draws some top players, and his patience with the development of late bloomers—particularly big ones like 7-foot-11 sophomore Nick Pino—has kept the Wildcats challengers. But under Ted Owens, KU has clearly regained its traditional position as best in the state.

Underdog K-State now finds even simple recognition difficult. It leads KU in nabbing the state's high school valedictorians, but KU puts that down by leading all U.S. state universities in recent years in producing Rhodes Scholars. The Wildcats must dress in uniforms of a color known in the trade as "Northwestern Purple," and even when they get lucky something goes wrong. Overbrook High in Philadelphia has sent Kansas Wilt Chamberlain (7 feet 1) and Wayne Hightower (6 feet 8). K-State got an Overbrook boy this year, finally. He is 5 feet 6. The little fellow's name is George Waters, and he is playmaker for the Wildest frosh, who were shattered by KU's powerful assortment of high-school full-thus-and-thats, 80-55, two nights before the varsity game. The freshman Jayhawks were led by a 6-foot-3 guard, Jo-Jo White, who entered college for the spring semester last year, and who thus will be eligible for varsity competition on February 12. Besides everything else, KU positively leads the world in keeping a little something for rainy days. Here is a potential star popping up at midseason, and next fall Miss America will be back in school.

The Jayhawks did not really need White against K-State, but he will certainly make a difference against more formidable, pressing teams. The Jayhawks lack speed, and were beaten by Nebraska at Lincoln by Joe Cipriano's pressing Cornhuskers earlier in the week. In his final freshman games White showed speed, a truly rare eye for passing and good ball-handling ability. Perhaps even more important, he has excellent poise under pressure. He should move right into the varsity backcourt, probably in place of talkative Al Lopes, who can then shift to the front line. Lopes is a more natural forward, and will bring some needed quickness up front. (Lopes is so determined a talker that when the team visited the *Bowdoin* set on its Los Angeles road trip he was officially clocked yakking four minutes straight with Michael Landon, before Landon could so much as say "Hoss.")

The varsity Snob Hill-Silo Tech match Saturday night was somewhat dull. Gambing with a tight half-court zone early in the game, Kansas did not let the Wildcats get a basket for almost six minutes, and by the time All-America Center Walt Wesley went to the bench with three fouls, six rebounds and 14 points, with 7:31 left in the half, it was 30-11 for Kansas. From there on neither team played

continued



A LOAD OF HARD MAPLE is a welcome sight to our office manager because it takes a lot to properly smooth out Jack Daniel's.

Neighbors with a use for extra money can count on our buying their hard maple. You see, it takes 10 cords to make enough charcoal to fill just one of the Charcoal Mellowing vats we seep our whiskey through. That's because it's ground up fine and packed tightly 10 feet deep. And the *sippon'* smoothness it gives Jack Daniel's is well worth all we do to keep a good supply.

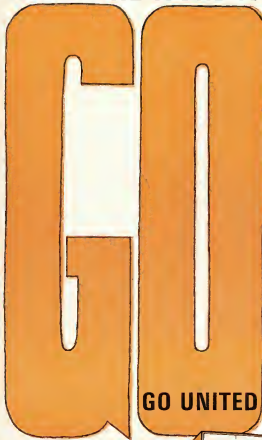


CHARCOAL  
MELLOWED  
DROPS  
BY DROP

©1965, Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Prop., Inc.

TENNESSEE WHISKEY • 90 PROOF BY CHOICE  
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY JACK DANIEL DISTILLERY • LYNCHBURG (POP. 350), TENN.

# WHEN THE WORD IS



If a boost up the company ladder means moving your family, make your first step a call to United Van Lines. No one gives your move greater personal care. And only United agents provide the extra precaution of super-clean Sanitized® vans. When you get the word get the best—get United. See the Yellow Pages for your nearest agent.



\*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

## BASKETBALL *continued*

particularly well, though K-State did manage three times to cut the margin to seven points. Wesley's battle within a battle against Pino was a sad mismatch. Senior Wesley made 26 points and 13 rebounds, while sophomore Pino got only a simple lay-in and three rebounds. The Wildcats cut into the lead only when Pino was benched. Wesley, on the other hand, is agile enough, though he appears to lack aggressiveness, particularly on the offensive boards.

K-State's only victory was a negative kind of thing. Provocative pranks between the two schools pretty much disappeared after a "peace pact" was signed several years ago. This stopped such practices as the one in which a KU man would paint a chicken red and blue, the school colors, smuggle it into the Manhattan field house and release it on the court at a crucial moment. But last year a K-State student who shall forever be celebrated as The Wildcatman pulled off the *pièce de résistance*. He already had been renowned for such feats as "the last great K-State panty raid," but his identity is known only to the dens, who could not pin a rap on him, and various newspapers whom he would call up to explain how he managed a particular caper. Has any master criminal ever had it better?

Anyway, last year The Wildcatman cased Allen Field House at Lawrence for months, secreted himself in a closet the night before the big game there and contrived a complicated electrical device that triggered two huge signs into falling over the scoreboard in the very midst of the game. The signs read, GO STATE; KILL SNOR HILL AGAIN. Since usually reliable sources have reported that The Wildcatman is—honest, J. Edgar Hoover—now masquerading as a law student at KU, fear about his possible activities reached panic proportions last week. Not only were special guards assigned to Allen Field House the night before the game, but they were joined on patrol by two ferocious Doberman pinschers. Security was so tight that the chief of operations proudly reported: "If there is a bomb threat we won't even have to clear the place. We're that sure."

The effort was wasted. Wisely, The Wildcatman lay low, probably plotting somewhere out in the cold darkness of the Kansas plains for the day, March 5, when the great rivalry is resumed. Who knows? The Wildcatman does. **END**

## Debut of the Derby dandy from Darby Dan

The early challenger for the No. 1 spot at Churchill Downs, beautifully bred Graustark, was still unbeaten after opening his classic season at Hialeah. Only the 2-year-old champion, Buckpasser, stands in his way

**A**s Hialeah opened its 38th racing season last week the palm-studded horse park held more past and current champions than ever were stabled at one track at the same time. Among them were Kelso, Roman Brother, Moccasin, What A Treat, Parka, Tosmah, Bold Lad and Queen Empress. But for all their extraordinary achievements over the last few years, these swift, fragile bundles of talent must yield center stage for the moment to a couple of newly turned 3-year-olds who are competing for the designation of early Kentucky Derby favorite.

One of the two colts, of course, is Ogden Phipps's 1965 2-year-old champion, Buckpasser, the powerful bay son of Tom Fool and Busanda, who already has won nine of 11 races and \$568,096. His rival, even now considered by many horsemen as a potential superhorse in the mold of a Man o' War, is chestnut-colored Graustark, bred, owned and worshiped by superfan John W. Galbreath (54, Jan. 24). There is nothing like the presence of an undefeated candidate to spark interest in a list of Kentucky Derby nominees, but the surprising aspect of Graustark's rise to prominence is that, although he is now 4-for-4, he has won but a single minor stake. He has, as they say along the shed row, "beat nothing"—unless you want to consider Port Wine, whom Graustark whipped by six lengths last August, as a top colt. The record shows that Port Wine, virtually unbeatable in California, followed up his loss to Graustark by losing a 17-length decision to the eastern sprinter, Our Michael. Before retreating to California, Port Wine also finished eighth in the Arlington-Washington Futurity, beaten over 16 lengths by Buckpasser. Last week, in a six-furlong Hialeah allowance race, Graustark made his Hialeah debut and won his fourth victory. He beat an undistinguished field of eight others by tak-

ing the lead at the half-mile pole and coasting home by five lengths. His previous winning margins had been seven, nine and six lengths respectively, so you can see he does not fool around once he gets the lead. It is precisely this facility for doing everything effortlessly—together with his impeccable blood lineage—that has prompted the Graustark legend.

A son of Ribot (which doesn't hurt at all these days), Graustark is also the son of Flower Bowl by Alibhai. In her day Flower Bowl won the Delaware Handicap and the Ladies' Handicap and, when bred to Sailor, produced the line champion, Bowl of Flowers. Thus on both sides of his pedigree Graustark has forebears of classic stature. He brings to this enviable blend of proven stamina a breathtaking dash of pure speed. After watching him win so easily (in 1:10.3 5/16ths) last week, Trainer Lloyd Gentry said, "Over the long range his speed is going to be a big help. There's nothing like being up there out of people's way. As this colt gets more fit, I'd like to see him run the first part of it right up there, sort of like Swaps, a length or two off the pace."

While Graustark shows off his speed in morning works in preparation for his next race, the seven-furlong Bahamas on February 2, rival Buckpasser is heading toward the classics at a more leisurely pace. After winning the one-mile Champagne last October 16 he had a two-month rest at Claiborne Farm. According to Trainer Eddie Neloy, he will get a seven-furlong prep about the second week of February before the first scheduled encounter with Graustark in the mile-and-an-eighth Everglades on February 23.

As both Graustark and Buckpasser trained their separate ways on the road to Louisville, some of their rivals went at each other in last week's Hibiscus at Hialeah, while still others were preparing

for this week's San Vicente at Santa Anita. On a rainy Hibiscus day, Owner Phipps and Trainer Neloy again demonstrated that they may have the strongest stable in the country, at least in the important 3-year-old division. If anything goes wrong with Buckpasser, they have a strong "bench" ready to run. Stupendous, another son of Bold Ruler, won the sixth race by five lengths, and an hour later Impressive played with his field to win the Hibiscus over 13 drenched and soundly trounced rivals. If it's going to require an entry to whip Graustark, the Phippses appear to be ready. **END**



BREEZING HOME at Hialeah, Graustark and Jockey Beulah Baccara five lengths in front.

# SHTEPPIING AROUND WITH HOOBERT

*The writer, a sports fanatic and athlete of na small accomplishments (and na large ones either), intraduces himself (belatedly) and his three young children (perhaps too soon) to the joys of skiling*

BY JACK OLSEN

*We began a course of instruction that was to lead us, en masse,  
to the very edge of skiing greenness.*







CONTINUED

You will see from the outset how simple my idea is. All around me in a New York office are 97-pound weaklings who spend half of every winter week discussing stemming and scussing and uphill Christies. Also available are delicate little lotus blossoms (girls) who race out of the office on Friday afternoon, pile into Porsches for a weekend of skiing and return Monday morning red in the face and full of anecdotes about the ski patrol and the handsome instructors from Garmisch. All this talk relegates me to the role of the outsider, the bystander, the *Milquetoast*, which is unfortunate, since two years ago I won the table-tennis championship of the S.S. *President Roosevelt*, and that is not the only athletic achievement of my life. Not by a long shot. But when the ski talk starts up I have to shut up or expose my ignorance.

So my idea is to slip off for a week or so and, with a minimum of fuss, expense and bother, become an instant skier. Not only that, but I propose to accomplish the same metamorphosis with my three children, ages 5 to 10, so that they will never have to suffer the ignominy of being nonskiers in a ski-mutty world. We are leaving tomorrow, and I plan to make daily reports to show how easily one can lift oneself by the ski boots, if I may be permitted a note of levity. **FIRST DAY:** This has been an exhausting and annoying day, but I am withholding judgment on the soundness of my idea until more facts are in. In the first place, the ski area is so crowded that we have been forced to lodge in the finished basement of a chalet down the road from the mountain. A nearby inn has agreed to feed us breakfast and supper. The cost for room and board is \$80 a day, and I am assured that I am getting off easy.

It didn't take long for me to learn that I would have to make some purchases; the mackinaws, galoshes and blue jeans we had brought from home would not suffice here, unless we wanted to be ridiculed. When we went for our first meal at the inn we were stopped at the door by the *portmonee*. She looked at the red rubber boots on the kids and said, "Do they have shoes under them?"

"No," I said.

"Well, won't they be uncomfortable wearing those boots inside?" she said.

"No," I said.

She didn't budge from the door, and I began to get the impression that something was wrong, dreadfully wrong, about wearing red rubber boots to a ski lodge. "Do you mean that you don't want these rubber boots in your house?" I asked.

"Well . . ." she said.

I marched three children back to the house, pulled them out of their rubber boots, tried to help them put on three pairs of shoes, found out that the shoes wouldn't fit over their heavy socks, took off the heavy socks, put on thin socks. . . . Then we all walked back to the inn in our shoes and enjoyed breakfast, while the *portmonee* buzzed about giving us slantwise glances.

Immediately after breakfast we repaired to the stylish little shop in the ski lodge to make additions to our wardrobes. I was prepared to spend \$50, \$60, even as much as \$100, to make us look in with the in crowd. After all of the children had been outfitted in *apres-ski* boots, the salesgirl turned to me. "And now, what about you, sir?"

I looked down at my galoshes. "What's wrong with these?" I said.

She looked haughty and said nothing.

"Form follows function," I blurted. "They're warm, easy to put on. They keep out water. They're easy to buckle. . . ."

"They're just not *new*, sir," she said.

"They are by me," I said.

But on the walk back to our lodgings I thought I noticed that cars slowed as they passed us, and once I could have sworn I heard a man's voice saying, "Hey, Marge, get a load of this. There's a guy with galoshes!"

At that moment I had one of those flashes of anger that have kept me staggeringly in debt for years. "Let's go back, kids," I said, and led them on the double to the shop. I told the salesgirl that I wanted complete ski outfits for four, "everything that it takes to keep from getting us stared at." We spent \$500. Back in our lodgings, I looked for the first time at the individual prices. My own stretch pants were marked \$50, which is more than I have ever paid for a pair of trousers in my life. A few discreet questions turned up the fact that everything in the ski shop was flamboyantly expensive. Thus the first day was not a total loss, for from it I was able to formulate Olsen's law of purchase, to wit: the cost of sports clothes is inversely proportional to the square of the distance from the action, or, in lay terms, you should buy your ski pants in *Tristan da Cunha* and your skin-diving gear in *Moose Jaw, Sask.* Anyone who buys ski equipment at a ski lodge is either nuts, a millionaire or me.

But, oh, what splendor! as we walked from our chalet to the inn for dinner that night, having shot a whole day in fitting and purchasing. Bespangled with new parkas and chic stretch pants and handsome knee-length *apres-ski* boots and headbands and goggles firmly in place, with each child utilizing his rented ski poles, we strode up the road in single file, looking like a page out of *Vogue* or *Elle*. Cars slowed again, but this time in admiration.

**SECOND DAY:** We awoke rarin' to go, and I addressed myself to the problem of lacing up four pairs of ski boots (which is the equivalent of eight pairs of ordinary boots, since each ski boot has inner and outer laces). It took the better part of an hour to get all the boots tightly laced, but it was worth it. None of us had ever experienced the fun of walking around in ski boots before, with their tight ankle supports, they gave us a power-mad feeling. We swagged about the room adopting crazy poses, leaning forward on our tiptoes, sitting back on our haunches, with all the strain being absorbed by the boot. We dipped backward and forward and sideways, defying gravity, and we

might have stayed home all morning having fun, but the kids insisted that I stop and dragged me away.

The day was wet and warm, which made the snow perfect for beginners, and we happily threw ourselves into the custody of our instructor, a wonderfully patient young Austrian whom I shall call Hoober, since that is the way his name is pronounced. In less than 30 minutes we had all got into our rented skis and had begun the course of instruction that was to lead us, en masse, to the very edge of skiing greatness. The first technique we were to master was what our instructor called "sheeping around," and we did beautifully. He walked ahead of us, taking tiny steps of three or four inches; the kids followed him and I brought up the rear. "Dot's da way," Hoober would shout. "Sheep right along!" All morning long we kept this up. We were practicing at the runout of an intermediate slope, and every now and then some skier would schuss right past us with a superior look on his face. "Never mind," I said to myself. "A journey of a thousand miles begins with a single sheep."

Still and all, I could have done without this one particular skier, who kept roaring down the hill and slamming to a stop right in front of our single file caravan, throwing up a shower of ice and snow like Bobby Hull. I felt like punching him right in the mouth; but I held off, as he appeared to be in excellent condition for a little kid.

By day's end we not only had mastered the art of sheeping around, but had made a few tentative glides on the

slope. Plainly, Julie, 10, the oldest, was going to be the star. She just hauled off and skied down the hill without any suggestion from anybody. Evan, 7, required some encouragement, and Barrie, 5, said she would like to spend more time stepping around. Modesty forbids a description of my own progress, but let me hint that I was not far behind the kids by the end of the first day. The important thing was: we were skiing! And those phonies at the office had tried to create the impression that it was difficult.

Late in the day rain put an end to our lessons, and that night I overheard an ominous conversation at the community dinner table. "The ski patrol will have a busy time tomorrow," said a man.

"Why?" said another.

"With this rain it'll turn to slush, and these skiers are out of shape. That slush'll snap their legs like matchsticks."

"No doubt about it."

"Did you see that mark in the snow today?"

"Yeh."

"Was that real blood?"

"Yeh. But you only saw the blood. You shoulda seen the guy."

Getting ready for bed, the kids were overtired and strained and grouchy. Evan told his little sister, "You're too shy," whereupon she began crying and raced into my room.

"Did you hear what he said?" she asked. "He said I'm shy!"

*continued*



*We were ready to go, and I addressed myself to the problem of lacing up four pairs of boots.*

Five minutes later Evan struck again. "You have gumbly toes," he told Barrie. The predictable storm of tears began.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Evan said I have gumbly toes."

"Do you know what gumbly toes are?" I asked, stalling for time.

"No, but I don't have them."

"Gumbly is a French word," I said, "meaning pretty."

THIRD DAY: We awoke to the friendly patter of raindrops. Skiing was all but out of the question: the slopes had turned to Wheatena. Skiers huddled about the lodge in various poses of annoyance. There is nothing so downcast as a man who has driven 300 miles, decked himself out in a lot of expensive clothes, given the boss a transparent excuse for his absence and then spent the day watching a warm rain scour the snow off the mountains.

Of course, the kids and I were too ignorant to know this. We sat around playing I Spy and Parcheesi and reading and relaxing from our rigors of the day before. Our ski instructor came by and said, "It's raining now, but da forecast iss for snow!" Our hostess at the inn stuck a finger in the air and said excitedly, "It's already colder! We'll get a snow-storm soon." And a man in the ski shop said, "It's snowing in Chicago right now!" Since Chicago was 750 miles west, I could not see the relevancy of this statement, but it seemed to make sense to others in the shop; they oohed and clucked in pleased anticipation. It was then that I realized that there is an exact parallel between skiing and fishing. The fisherman is always told by the entrepreneur of fishing that they were biting yesterday and they will be biting tomorrow; he just can't understand why they aren't biting today. And the skier is told that the skiing was excellent yesterday and a snowstorm is coming tomorrow! The result is the same in either case. You stick around.

In the face of all the optimistic weather predictions, the rain only increased in tempo and temperature. At 11 a.m. a German-accented voice came over the P.A. system: "I hoff za official weather forecast. Za rain iss changing to snow later in za day, and za temperature iss falling 10° to 15°. Za rain iss only temporary." (Hoots, laughs and a smattering of applause.)

"Oh, yes," I said to myself. "They'll be biting tomorrow."

Off to my left, a frieze of skiers was holding a seminar, and I heard smatterings of wisdom.

"Sol, do you know a good psychiatrist?"

"Why?"

"For you for brangin' me here, and for me for comin'."

"Anybody heard how it is around Stowe and Sugarbush?"

"It's great up there. Forty-two-inch base. They're skiing there right now."

In my mind's eye I could envisage a group of skiers sitting around at Stowe and Sugarbush bemoaning the fact that rain had shut them down while skiing was going on as usual everywhere else. The snow is always deeper on the other side of the fence.

Various Sadie Thompsons vamped around the lodge in their true element, happy to be rained out. A few maniacal skiers persisted in skiing, some in aircraft-orange slickers. But one by one the lifts shut down, brown spots peeked through the snow, tufts of grass exposed themselves to the rain. A fat man stood on the lodge porch and did balancing exercises, left, right, left, right, feet firmly planted, gently rotating from the waist. "What's that man doing?" Evan asked me.

"He's practicing skiing."

"Why's he practicing skiing in the lodge?"

"Because he's a little strange."

"How do you know?"

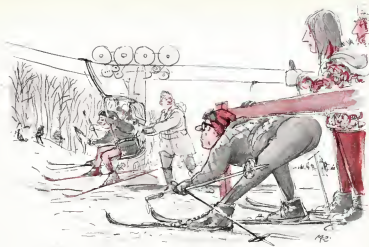
"Because he's practicing skiing in the lodge."

I find that sometimes one can get away with such circular reasoning with children, and this time I was lucky. "C'mon," I said, before he had time to find me out, "let's walk home and eat candy."

FOURTH DAY: A miracle! Two inches of snow fell during the night, and the temperature dropped to 12°. As we walked up the road to breakfast, loose, windblown snow filled the sky and made the sun a silver ball. The pines and birches were freighted with ice. I said to the children, "Isn't it all beautiful?" The consensus was that there was nothing beautiful about it. The weather was too cold, and they wanted to spend the day playing games indoors. Nevertheless, I was able to talk them into a rewarding day of instruction with Hoober, while I sneaked off for some tentative skiing of my own. I had given myself a good talking-to and decided that if little kids and young women could go up the chair lift and ski down the mountain, then so could a grown man with a background of athletic achievement. Looking back on my life, I can recall occasions when such reasoning had resulted in a broken arm and a broken collarbone and third-degree humiliation, but I never learn. I stepped into line for the chair lift.

At overcrowded ski resorts you are shunted along a narrow, zigzagging corridor of fencing toward the lift, and it may take as long as 30 minutes to reach the chair. During that time I began to think too much. For one thing, I pondered the lift chairs. They came moving along the cable, banged you in your rear end, then swept you to astronomical heights in the sky, 15, 18 feet up. For the first 50 feet or so the chair bobbed up and down, while you sat there utterly at its mercy. If you ever got to the top, the chair spat you onto a short, steep "exit" hill, where even experienced skiers had been known to fall.

"And suppose I made it to the top without serious accident?" I asked myself, as I inched closer to the lift. Then I would have to come all the way down in a rudimentary snowplow position, and I hadn't mastered the rudimentary snowplow position. I could get killed or even maimed up there. Not that I was afraid. Far from it. But I had reached the age where responsibility can no longer be shirked, and I was the sole financial support of three dear children. With such thoughts spanning through my mind, I decided to



*Scrooching myself down like somebody doing a reverse limbo under a 10-inch bar, I ducked through the fence.*

drop out of the lift line and live to ski another day. I turned to back out and looked into an impenetrable forest of skiers, ski poles and skis behind me. Even if I could go backward on skis, which was doubtful, it would have taken hours of bumping and shoving and excusing myself to get through that line. "Move along, buddy!" a man said, and I moved along. Now I was only three or four people away from the lift, and my knees were gelatinous. "Never mind your lousy pride," I said boldly to myself. "Think of your kids!" Scrooching myself way down like somebody doing a reverse limbo under a 10-inch bar, I ducked through the fence, fell, scrambled to my feet and fell again, got up and skied away as fast as I could.

A few hours later I ran into an old friend in the lodge. "Hey," he said loudly, "was that you I saw ducking out of the lift line today?"

"Are you kidding?"

"I coulda sworn it was you going through the fence," he said louder than ever.

"If you say that again," I said, "I'll kill you."

That night at dinner I found that all had not gone well with the children either. Evan confessed that he had lost control on the small hill and crashed into an instructor, who was upended in midleisure and dumped to the snow. "What'd he say?" I inquired. "Did he get mad?"

"No, he didn't say nothing. He just fell down."

A few minutes later Evan brought a perfect day to an end by rejecting the dessert. "No, thanks," he said to the waitress in a voice that reached every extremity

of the small dining room. "Peaches give me diarrhea."

**FIFTH DAY:** Today the kids worked on their snowplows by themselves, while Hoobert took me up on the lift. We made three runs in the morning, and by the end of the last one I was snowplowing madly down the hill, shouting "Track!" and having a gaudy time. "Please," Hoobert begged, "don't call trrrrrrrack! all za time." I moved right into stem turns, learning how to lean to the left to go to the right and vice versa. To be sure, I fell frequently, but one learns by one's errors. Once I got going very fast, while Hoobert shouted at me to stop. Surely, I thought, I must be the fastest skier on this novice slope. Just then I was passed by the ski-patrol sled bearing a loser on his way to the first-aid station. I slowed down.

In the afternoon Hoobert took me back up, and we worked on stem turns. After an hour or so I went into a turn too fast, brought my skis together too quickly and skidded half out of control through 50°. "Hey!" Hoobert shouted. "Dot vass a stem Christy!"

A stem Christy!

I'd been hearing about stem Christies for 20 years, how much fun they are, how they are easy once you lose your fear, etc. And all the propaganda was right. One's first stem Christy is equivalent to the first time one makes a golf ball go "click" on a drive, or serves a big tennis ace or curves a baseball. It feels right. For the rest of the day no force on earth could keep me from doing stem Christies. Traverse smoothly, uphill ski a little forward; stem the uphill ski, shift the weight,

*continued*

bring the skis close together and S-L-I-D-E through the turn.

SIXTH DAY: I decided to spend this day with the kids and fight down the desire to abandon them and do stem Christies all day. As I laced up four pairs of boots once again, I noticed a drop of red on the floor. It was blood oozing from my hand, where the nylon laces had cut through. Finally all the layers of clothes were in place, and we mushed our way toward the slopes. This was the coldest day of all—10°—and a high wind whipped snow and bits of ice into our faces. All of the children were wearing goggles, wool hats that pulled down on their foreheads and up on their chins, parkas with hoods, mittens, two sweaters, turtle-necked long-sleeved skiing shirts, long underwear, ski pants, light socks and Himalayan socks, all of which left only their noses exposed. "My nose is too cold" became the slogan for the morning. Evan's goggles fell off, and when he took off his mittens to fumble with the goggles his hands became numb, and by the time I came to his rescue his goggles were covered with ice. Each problem like this took about five minutes to solve, and it suddenly occurred to me that there was no sport in the world where you have to fool with clothing as much as you do in skiing. Everyone is working constantly, pulling and tugging and zipping and tucking and lacing and tugging and pulling and zipping. You could get a good day's exercise just dressing for the sport. I am now inclined to agree with a friend of mine who says that no child should be permitted on a ski slope until he can handle all his own clothes without help. If you want the ultimate in frustration, imagine dressing three little children in all the afore-

mentioned clothing, taking them halfway up a hill for a ski lesson and then hearing one of them say, "I have to go to the bathroom!" When this happened to me I threw in the towel. "Hey, kids," I said. "What d'ya say we go back to the chalet and play Parchesi?"

"Hooty?" they said, happy to get out of the cold. I sneaked back to the mountain and worked on my stem Christies. Nothing could stop me now.

SEVENTH DAY: Rain.

EIGHTH DAY: Rain.

NINTH DAY: Rain again, and little Barrie and I made one last attempt to ski before going home. We found a patch of wet ice at the base of the intermediate hill, and she stepped around while Hooberst held her up. I couldn't resist some final heroics (we were in full view of the jammed lodge) and backed off for a run down the ice. Somewhere in midrun I discovered that ice is even faster than snow, but then I hit a mud spot and lurched out of control and into the nearest refuge, which happened to be Hooberst and Barrie. Down we went in a tangle of poles and skis and hysterics. Finally Hooberst quieted me, and we took off our skis for the last time and bade him farewell. On the way home, we ran into the inevitable snowstorm that I now understand always accompanies frustrated skiers at the conclusion of a trip. I asked Evan what he had learned on the trip, and he said he had learned that it takes a 5 to enter in Parchesi. Julie said she had learned the snowplow and five words of German: *büte, danke, ja, nein* and *allo*. Barrie said she had to go to the bathroom. All of us agreed that Hooberst must miss us terribly.

END



*I lurched out of control and into the nearest refuge, which happened to be Hooberst and Barrie.*



## Some like Chevrolet's Tilt Wheel for long drives and others for short legs

The Chevrolet adjustable steering wheel's advantages are all in the way you look at them! The man who makes long highway trips adjusts and readjusts the wheel up or down to erase the kinks from his muscles. The little gal moves the wheel all the way down so she can see all of the windshield and grasp hold of the wheel comfortably. • The tall driver can move the wheel further up for a relaxed and easy stance for his arms and legs. And

moving the wheel to its topmost position keeps things free and clear for easier entry and exit. Just one demonstration — and you'll agree that Chevrolet's Tilt Steering Wheel always agrees with your idea of comfort! Tilt Wheel or Tilt and Telescope Wheel available on all regular size models. • Both are products of Saginaw Steering Gear Division, General Motors Corp., Saginaw, Michigan.

A roundup of the sports information of the week

3.9





## *Come Back Soon*

We hope you had a pleasant flight.

We tried to make it so.

It arrived on time.

You ate well.

You went to sleep after dinner. Why not? You work hard.

When the flight landed, the stewardess smiled goodbye like she really meant it. She does.

She even straightened your boutonniere.

You get this kind of "extra care" every time you fly with us.

Come back soon.

*fly the  
friendly skies  
of  
United.*



"I always fly United."

CHRYSLER DIVISION

CHRYSLER  
AUTOMOBILE CORPORATION

**When Chrysler sets out to pamper you—  
you're pampered.**

A sultan should have as much luxury.

In a New Yorker, you steer with power, stop with power, shift with power. That's standard. So is a 440 cubic inch V-8. The biggest engine in the medium-price field.

And we've hardly begun to pamper.

Optional shell bucket seats up front hug you. Soothe you. The passenger's side reclines. Has a 3-position hideaway headrest.

Deep pile carpeting is everywhere. Sweeps over the floor—up the door—lines the trunk.

Chrysler even attends to your safety like no other car can. Not only do we

provide protectors

like seat belts,

padded dash, back-

up lights, and an

outside rearview mirror—we include

exclusive ideas like safety rim wheels and safety action door handles.

Stop letting life's pleasures pass you by—move up to Chrysler. No one deserves it more.



**CHRYSLER**

# Basketball's Week

by MERVIN HYMAN

*It was midyear-examination time for most major-college players, but some teams, among them St. Joseph's, Kansas and Bradley—three of the nation's top 10—learned their lessons the hard way. They were all upset on the road, where even the best of teams falter*

## THE EAST 1. PROVIDENCE (19-0) 2. ST. JOHN'S (10-0) 3. ST. JOSEPH'S (10-0)

The first thing a small but typically noisy band of St. Joseph's rowers did when they trooped into St. John's Alumni Hall last week was to unfurl the inevitable banner: THE HAWK FLIES HIGHER THAN THE DOVE. As it turned out, St. John's skinny 6-foot-7 Soapy Dove flew higher than any Hawk. He scored 28 points, picked off 24 rebounds and, along with 6-foot-6 Bobby McIntyre and 6-foot-7 sophomore Rudy Roper, took the boards away from smaller St. Joe's. What's more, the Redmen surprisingly—and easily—solved the Hawks' multiple defenses, including their usually effective presses. St. John's strategy was impeccable. Against the presses, hustling little Al Swartz moved right into the double team and then quickly passed off to the free man. Against the zones, Swartz got the ball to Dove and McIntyre (he scored 25 points) in the corners, and they shot over the frustrated Hawks. Even St. Joe's man-to-man was no problem.

Meanwhile, St. John's own sturdy man-to-man defense held flashy playmaker Matt Goukas and the other Hawks down until the Redmen made their move midway in the second half. Then Dove, McIntyre and Swartz pulled St. John's away for a startling 82-72 upset. When it was all over, first-year Coach Lou Carnesecca could hardly contain himself. "They were fantastic, the greatest," he gushed. St. Joseph's Jack Ramsey had no excuses. "They handled pressure better than we thought they could," he admitted. "They just beat us all the way."

St. Joseph's game was better when the Hawks got back to Philadelphia's Palestra. Goukas' skillful passes were back on target, Cliff Anderson, the 6-foot-4 jumping jack, consistently plucked away rebounds from Penn's taller players and scored 23 points; Billy Oakes flipped in 19 and St. Joe's beat the stubborn Quakers 79-69. Temple, the other Philly hotshot, put sophomore Clarence Brooks in the backcourt against Manhattan and he got the Owls moving. The meticulous Jaspers, playing their beautifully disciplined pattern offense, had Temple in a 52-52 tie with 10 minutes to go. But Brooks and big Jim Williams rattled off 10 quick points and that finished off Manhattan. Temple, now 14-2, won 76-66.

Some other eastern independents also bolstered their already substantial records.

FAIRFIELD (12-1) trounced Southern Connecticut 90-59 for its 12th straight; MARY STATE (10-3) beat Pitt 66-62; ST. EDWARD'S (10-3) edged Canisius 80-76; ARMY (10-4) ran over Colgate 97-60; PUERTO RICO (9-4) sneaked past La Salle 79-77; RUTGERS (8-3) defeated Fordham 62-57.

Providence was idle but Coach Joe Mullane took the opportunity to dispel some notions about his Friars. "We're not the fourth-best team in the country," he said, referring to Providence's rating in the national polls. "We're not even as good as we were last year. But I'd like to get one thing straight. We've got a good team, not a one-man gang. Jimmy Walker does what he's supposed to do. He's not really any better than he was last year—it's just that we have to call on him more." And, Mullane might have added, it is a pleasure.

## THE SOUTH 1. DUKE (14-0) 2. KENTUCKY (12-0) 3. VANDERBILT (14-0)

While unbeaten Kentucky and Vanderbilt rested, a couple of SEC rivals jockeyed for position behind them. But Tennessee, once considered a likely challenger, was just about out of the race. The Vols, for all their precise gameplan, lost their fourth league game, to AUBURN 51-46. The Tigers went along with Tennessee's deliberate style and played it even better than the Vols. Tee Fareltho, Ronnie Quick and Lee DeRose simply beat Tennessee to the boards and the basket. Auburn took Alabama, too, 90-71, for third place behind Vanderbilt while FLORIDA, a 65-52 winner over Georgia, and idle Mississippi State also had one loss apiece.

It was a sad week all around for Georgia. The Bulldogs, who beat old rival Georgia Tech by 11 points in December, were no match for the vengeful Jackets this time. GEORGIA TECH's good sophomores, especially Phil Wagner and Pete Thorne, who scored 41 points between them, ran, shot and pressed furiously to destroy Georgia 89-56. "The most enjoyable victory I've ever had over Georgia," said Tech's Whack Hyder, who then explained, "I didn't pour it on. I was just scared to let up." That was small consolation for Georgia's Ken Rosemond. "I didn't say anything about pouring it on," he said, "but I had a fifth-grade teacher who said a bit dog always hollers." Tech, however, got it from TENNESSEE. The

Vols came back to throttle the Jackets 83-48.

The ACC, with almost everybody paying strict attention to exams, was quiet. Only Clemson ventured out for a game and the Tigers were sorry about that. Clemson gave VIRGINIA TECH, the best of the southern independents, a tussle but lost 90-87 when Gobbler sub Don Brown developed a hot hand—he hit 11 of 13 field-goal tries—and Wayne Mallard, another reserve, scored the last basket. WISCONSIN KENTUCKY, the Ohio Valley leader, got caught up in a slowdown by Morehead, but won anyway, 45-35.

LOUISVILLE, with 6-foot-8 sophomore Wes Unseld outscoring and outrebounding Dayton's 6-foot-11 Henry Finkel, shot down the Flyers 94-77. Unseld was even better against CINCINNATI—25 points and 27 rebounds—but all to no avail. CinCY's quick little Dean Foster won the game 67-65 with a wild driving hook shot in the last second. "He won't make another shot like that in 10 years," groaned Louisville's disappointed Peck Hickman.

## THE MIDWEST 1. MICHIGAN (10-4) 2. KANSAS (14-0) 3. CINCINNATI (13-0)

The Big Ten had a familiar look. MICHIGAN was in first place, chiefly because Coach Duane Strack wisely decided that there is no game like an old game. Against Minnesota, the Wolverines went back to crashing the boards and karate-chopping anyone foolish enough

enough



**SOPHOMORE STAR** Don May of Dayton, who scored 33 points, can rebound, too. Here he grabs one as the Flyers lose to Louisville.

## GREAT GOLF HOLIDAY AND TWO GREAT 18-HOLE GOLF COURSES

by Robert Trent Jones

at  
*Arizona's Country Club Resort*

7 Days/6 Nights only

\$182.25 per person

double occupancy thru April 2.

Special rate includes twin bedrooms with private bath and patio, all dinners, all breakfasts; all greens fees on either of our own 18-hole courses; greens fees at four other Phoenix area resort courses; transportation to and from Phoenix airport, state and local taxes. • Arizona's most complete resort with riding, beautiful new pool and terrace, cocktail entertainment, dancing, tennis, village shops.

FOUR-STAR ACCOMMODATIONS & SPECIALTY

Write or call Reade Whitwell, Manager for reservations and illustrated brochures.

## THE WIGWAM

Inn • Bungalows • Country Club  
Litchfield Park (near Phoenix), Arizona

## STUDENTS: OPPORTUNITY TO EARN EXTRA MONEY

(an invitation to undergraduates, graduate and part-time college students) You can earn substantial amounts of money throughout the school year—and gain practical business experience—by making subscriptions to **TIME LIFE** and **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** available to students and educators at special rates. No previous experience necessary, no paperwork or billing involved. You'll sell your own books, receive free selling supplies. Liberal commissions; also chance to participate in special projects and market research at extra fees.

For more than 30 years **TIME** Inc. has authorized students as its representatives on campuses. Commission earnings have helped thousands of students underwrite portions of their educational expenses. If you are interested write today, enclosing this notice. If you are eligible and your application is accepted you'll be notified immediately and receive your sales materials and instructions promptly.

**TIME** Inc., College Bureau  
**TIME & LIFE** Bldg., Rockefeller Center  
New York, New York 10020

## BASKETBALL'S WEEK continued

to stray into the terrain once known around the conference as Bloody Nose Lane. Frontliners Jim Meyers, Oliver Darden and John Clawson snapped up 48 rebounds, Cazzie Russell, despite a muscle spasm in his back, threw in 40 points and the Gophers went down 97-85. Minnesota's Lou Hudson, playing with a cast that covered his right arm from thumb to elbow, and Archie Clark both had a go at trying to stop Russell, but he got away from them. D-d Hudson's cast bother Russell? "Louie was very nice to me," said Cazzie. "He didn't hit me at all. And when he held me he used his right hand."

Along with Michigan's return to prominence came the disillusionment of Iowa and Michigan State. INDIANA caught the Hawkeyes flat and beat them 73-61. But Iowa came right back, proving hard, and stopped Michigan State 90-76. Sports Coach John Benington was shocked. "This just wasn't the same team I saw against Indiana," he said sadly.

NEBRASKA Coach Joe Cipriano, who has steadfastly insisted that his only objective is to win 13 games this year, can quit right now. When his surprising Huskers beat Kansas 83-75 and Oklahoma 86-78 he had his quota. Nebraska also had the Big Eight lead and a good shot at its first title in 16 years. But Cipriano still worries about KANSAS, which recovered nicely to whip Kansas State 69-61 (page 42). He has to play the Jayhawks again, at Lawrence.

All of a sudden CINCINNATI was in and Bradley almost out of the Missouri Valley race. Tulsa still had the lead, but Cincy was the team to beat after the way it manhandled the Braves 85-69. Mike Rellies, a 6-foot-6 center, and sophomore John Howard broke the game open for the Cats with a 13-point spurge in the first half, and after that Bradley never had a chance. Rellies finished with 21 points, Howard had 20 and Roland West, who must be the best rebounding guard in the country (he had 148 in the first 14 games), got 17. DRAKS, another MVC upstart, surprised Wichita State 79-72 in overtime.

MIAMI of Ohio was running away from the field in the Mid-American Conference. The Redskins rolled over Western Michigan 84-70 and Kent State 58-43 to take a 2½-game lead over Bowling Green. Loyola of Chicago, the best of the Midwestern independents, did not play, but DAYTON d-d and the Flyers took Western Kentucky 77-57. DETROIT outran Villanova 101-94 and edged Toledo 76-74, while DEPAUL, after beating Niagara 81-66 in Niagara Falls, trounced Loyola of Los Angeles 84-60 at home. But Creighton, in a so-so season, lost to OKLAHOMA CITY 98-95.

**THE SOUTHWEST** • TEXAS NORTHERN (24-8)  
3. OKLAHOMA CITY (18-8) 4. HOUSTON (16-8)

Life in the Southwest Conference was anything but serene last week. There were the

usual dark looks, clenched fists and grim munching when the Farmers (Texas A&M) and the Teasuppers (Texas) got together in Austin. And there was almost a major upset, too. For a half, the Texas players acted more like tough bourbon sippers. They pounded the Farmers with a tight press and led 42-29. Then TEXAS ARM got a zone press of its own going. John Beasley shot in 22 points and the Aggies won 64-57 to hold the SWC lead.

Southern Methodist left Dallas in a snowstorm and had to be rescued by the local fire department when its overnight train ran into frozen water pipes in Snyder, Texas. The Mustangs finally arrived in Lubbock only two hours before game time and then their troubles really started. Dub Malone, TEXAS TECH's wayly little playmaker, tantalized them with 29 points, a flock of steals and slick passes to driving Bob Glover, who scored 27, and the Raiders won 100-83.

INDEPENDENT HOUSTON, hardly drawing a deep breath, squashed St. Mary's of San Antonio 108-53.

**THE WEST** • SAN FRANCISCO (20-8)  
3. UCLA (20-4) 4. UTAH (17-9)

While the AAUW and the WCAC favorites, UCLA and San Francisco, were idled by exams, the Dons took a big loss anyway. Coach Pete Peletto's job finally gave way to his ulcers, and the school announced he would quit at the end of the season to become full-time athletic director. His replacement, Assistant Phil Vukobrevich.

OREGON and OREGON STATE, their rivalry so fanatical that they play each other four times a year, split two nonconference games. The Beavers took an early 14-point lead at Corvallis, controlled the boards and won going away 62-46. "When a team like State gets ahead of you, well, you pay the penalty," said Webfoot Coach Steve Belko.

So the next afternoon at Eugene, Belko moved 6-foot-4 Jim Barnett from forward back to his accustomed guard spot, got some more height into the lineup and never let Oregon State get the big lead. In a game that was tied 12 times with 17 lead changes, Barnett scored 21 points and Oregon won 64-60. WASHINGTON STATE took out its frustrations in league play with a 115-91 pounding of visiting Idaho.

BRIGHAM YOUNG, bounced back from two road losses, rolling it up against Utah State 115-81 as Dick Nemelka and Steve Kramer scored 49 points. "Fair-weather fans didn't think we played well on the road," said the Cougars' Stan Watts. "We went out to show them." Another avenger was Wyoming. Remembering an earlier defeat, the Cowboys knocked off Colorado State 70-55 and held Lonnie Wright to nine points. ARIZONA beat Arizona State 68-65, while WAC leader Utah, living it up on a Hawaiian tour, beat two service teams and Hawaii U. **END**

# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## HUD IN TV'S EYE Sirs:

Many thanks for Tex Maule's article, *A Cool Mystery* (Jan. 10), on the Parker-Brown game. Delightful!

A D.R. SCHENFELD

Chadds Ford, Pa.

Sirs:

I was quite disappointed in *A Cool Mystery*. If you ask me, it should have been called *The Sloppy Mess*. It's too bad they don't call football games on account of weather like they do baseball games. If my kid didn't know enough to come in out of the mess those grown men played in, I'd probably rap him one, and he's only 5.

Perhaps the home towners should be allowed to watch the team they have been paying to see all year in a championship game but, remember, there are a thousand people watching that game on TV for every one who sees it in person. If they can't set it up as a warmer town (like Miami), let them pick a reasonable day.

Sure the Packers won. They play the kind of ball that is the only thing that works on a day like that. Does this mean that if a 50-to-1 muddler wins the Kentucky Derby on a sloppy muddler he's the best 3-year-old around? Why not give the horse, who has been born and trained on a "normal" track, a chance to show his stuff?

How I love to see Jimmy Brown whip around end, fake a few linebackers out and take off, or catch up to a pass on a delayed flare-out and give the secondary boys a run for their money. What does it prove when all these moves are mired down in the slop? I wonder if the Packers themselves are satisfied that they proved they are the best?

Let's push for a little common sense in such important contests as this.

LARRY M. RUSSELL

Midvale Shores, Fla.

## EXCELSIOR! Sirs:

In his article, *The Hawk Is a Midget Hunter* (Jan. 10), Frank Deford said St. Joe's is "the only school extant that has a president taller than its center." If you check into the height chart of Coach Jim Darden's basketball team at Colorado School of Mines, you'll find out that not one of the players is as tall as President Orlo E. Childs. He is 6 feet 8.

JEFF KANDISKY

Skokie, Ill.

Sirs:

Belton's President Miller Upton, a member of SF's Silver Anniversary All-America team in 1962 (Dec. 10, 1962), is a full inch taller

than 6-foot-3 Bob Rudolph, Baccaneer center. Rudolph, fourth leading scorer in the Midwest Conference last season, may be able to outbound his school's leader, but he casts a shorter shadow.

PAUL M. GARMAN

Belton, Wis.



PRESIDENT CHILDS AND TALLEST OREGONIENS

## SUNNY-SIDE UP

Sirs:

Bedazzled as I was by the sights and smugness of your January 17 cover and feature on the Exumas (*A New Polynesian*), the sportsman in me nevertheless craves out. We southern California lobster divers would rate Miss Sunny Bippus A-1 in the looks department but strictly gauche as a skin diver.

One simply doesn't attack a spiny lobster (*Palinurus*) with a Hawaiian sling or any other sort of spear gun. The proper equipment is a pair of leather or canvas gloves. As for the proper technique, send her out and I'll make an A-1 "bug" hunter out of her.

HOWARD NEWMAN

Los Angeles

Sirs:

It is so good to read about what the women are doing in sports. I plan to take lessons in scuba diving next month, and Liz Smith provides just the answer to where I'll go to practice afterward. Quite a paradise for anyone who has a love for water.

DIANE ATKERSON

Philadelphia

Sirs:

In her description of George Town's quaint charms, Liz Smith might also have mentioned the lovely old Anglican church across the road and down a few yards from the Peace & Plenty. The little churchyard surrounding it, its shallow graves carved laboriously from the coral rock, is worth a visit, and the old church door is always open so that visitors (and roosters, of course) may wander in.

And don't forget February Point, a mile from the center of George Town, its beautiful little clubhouse perched high above a perfect, if tiny, coveled beach. In March of 1961 an invasion of land crabs swept across Great Exuma on some mysterious spawning journey. The airship was so covered with these weird, stalk-eyed creatures, that on one day no planes could land. The Bahamians, of course, were sweeping them into gunny sacks with brooms (they are delicate eating in a picky sort of way).

Let us hope that this lovely Old Island does not too rapidly become In. I would not wish to see it suffer the fate of its far neighbor, Grand Bahama, now complete with gambling casino and drive-ins.

Mrs. H. W. GREEN

New Castle, Pa.

Sirs:

Things must be getting pretty tough if you have to resort to girly covers like that one of Sunny Bippus. Don't you think there is enough of that junk on our newsstands already? Stick to legitimate sports. This country needs more of the Bobby Richardson type of story.

PAUL O. PLACKMIRE

Phoenix

## FORWARD MARCH

Sirs:

Congratulations on your splendid article on the greatest golfer in the world, Arnold Palmer (*Widower Back, Arnie*, Jan. 17). It's about time somebody was brave enough to come out and say that he was only in a slump and not over the hill. Your description of the way he played in Los Angeles was superb. It shows why Arnie is really the only one who can head an "Army."

STEVE ROCKOWER

Wyncote, Pa.

● For an updating on Arnie and his Army, see page 40.—ED.

## PROGRESS REPORT

Sirs:

After grating my teeth for weeks over SF's articles on the Duke-UCLA games and basketball's crowd behavior in general, I have

continued



**Cold or no cold,  
I had to be  
best man.  
Contac saved  
the day.**

One little sneeze can shatter a solemn occasion. That's where Contac can help. It got the best man through the ceremony without a sneeze or a sniffle.

Wedding or no wedding, Contac will gladly do the same for you. In fact, if you take one capsule every 12 hours, you could get through your entire cold with hardly a sneeze or a sniffle.

The more-than-600 tiny "time pills" in every Contac capsule are made to keep giving you relief from head cold congestion all through the day or night.

Of course it's always best to take Contac and take it easy. But when a major event that's hard to postpone (a wedding, for instance) and a cold (also unpostponable) hit you on the same day, Contac helps you rise to the occasion.

Get it at your pharmacy.



#### 19TH HOLE continued

finally decided to write you a letter. While some of your comments about Duke fans were grossly misleading, I have to admit that the "Who's he?" chants and the racial remarks directed at the UCLA team were wrong. Interestingly enough, however, the Duke "kids," as you referred to us, have done something about it. Prior to the game with Penn State on January 3, our student government reminded us of our obligation as the No. 1 team as the country to be an enthusiastic but fair crowd. Penn State was welcomed by polite applause. The next morning every student received a memo from Athletic Director Eddie Cameron urging continued fair treatment of opposing teams.

It was mainly because of SI's article and editorial on Duke that such action was taken. This is a beginning and, hopefully, other schools—including St. Joseph's, the "school with spirit"—will follow suit.

There is just one more remark I would like to make after welcoming Penn State, Duke squashed them.

RICHARD EMSLIE

Durham, N.C.

#### WHODUNIT

Sirs:

Let me compliment you on the very enjoyable SCORECARD piece called "Who Shot Eddie Wankus?" (Jan. 3). Or should I call it a quiz? In any case, let me try my luck on some answers:

- 1) Knute Rockne's bow-formation idea came from a chorus line.
- 2) Jim Delong ran for Eddie Gaedel.
- 3) Whitney Ford, Mickey Mantle, Hank Bauer, Bob Turley and Gil McDougald appeared with Billy Martin at the Copacabana.
- 4) And if you don't tell me who Arnold Cream really is, I may never get another night's sleep.

LARRY HYDE

Pittsburgh

Sirs:

Arnold Cream is Jersey Joe Walcott (easy). Ruth Suenhagen shot Eddie Wankus. Coley Wallace played Joe Louis in the movie. Zora Folley beat Pete Rademacher. Bill Mikky, who played for the Temple Owls around 1950, is the Owl without a Vowel.

But I don't know who ran for Eddie Gaedel, where Bill Vosselle came from or what the two Cs in C. C. Johnson Spink's name stand for.

JACK SHEPPARD

St. Charles, Ill.

• Bill Vosselle came from the town of Ninety Six, S.C.; Spink's first two games are Charles Claude, and it was Yogi Berra and Johnny Kucks, not Turley and McDougald, who were at the Copa along with the rest.—ED.

#### EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED,  
Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center,  
New York, New York 10020.

Time Inc. also publishes *Time*, *Life*, *Fortune* and, in conjunction with its subsidiary, the International Editors of *Time* and *Life*. Chairman of the Board, Andrew H. Hessel; Chairman, Executive Committee, Roy E. Lichten; Chairman, Finance Committee, Charles L. Sullivan, President, James A. Lerner, Executive Vice President and Treasurer, D. W. Brombaugh, Vice President and Secretary, Bernard Barnes, Vice President and Assistant to the President, Arnold W. Carson, Vice President and Controller, John F. Harvey, Vice Presidents, Charles A. Adams, Richard M. Auer, Rhea Auer, Edgar R. Baker, Charles H. Bear, Clay Beckwith, R. M. Buckley, John L. Hattenback, Jerome S. Hudy, Sidney L. Jones, Arthur W. Kessler, Henry Lutz III, Ralph D. Page Jr., Weston C. Patten Jr., James R. Shepley, Assistant Controller and Assistant Secretary, Curtis C. Messenger, Assistant Treasurer, W. G. Davis, Evan S. Ingalls, Richard B. McKrough.

#### Sports Illustrated

Please include a SPORTS ILLUSTRATED label to insure prompt service whenever you write about your subscription.

**MAIL TO:**  
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED  
540 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611,  
Charles A. Adams, Vice President

**TO SUBSCRIBE:**  
mail this letter with your payment, check one:  
☐ new subscription, ☐ renew my subscription.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES:**  
U.S. and Canada, 1 yr. \$7.50  
Military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr. \$6.00  
All other 1 yr. \$10.00

#### CHANGE OF ADDRESS attach label here

If you're moving, please let us know six weeks before changing your address. Plug magazine address label here, print your new address below. If you have a question about your subscription, place your magazine address label here and clip this form to your letter.

name \_\_\_\_\_  
address \_\_\_\_\_  
city \_\_\_\_\_ state \_\_\_\_\_ zipcode \_\_\_\_\_



1966 Ford Mustang 289 XL

***Turn off the Stereo and listen to one of  
the quietest rides in the world!***

Quiet performance is the traditional hallmark of fine cars and Ford's advanced chassis-frame-suspension engineering has made this XL one of the quietest cars on the road. But, if you like your luxury with fun and guts, XL is really the car for you. This one comes, standard, with shell contour bucket seats, famous Challenger 289 V-8, console-mounted Cruise-O-Matic T-bar shift and much more. It's frisky—and it looks it!

And the frosting on the cake is its optional Stereo Tape System. This is a fully-transistorized, precision-built high-fidelity instrument. It is compact in size, simple to operate, gloriously



beautiful to hear. Eight-track tape cartridges slide easily into the Player, which waits when the cartridge goes in, stops when you pull the cartridge

out. If you choose to stop a tape in mid-track, you can resume play where you left off simply by reinserting the cartridge. Railing in the velvet quiet of your 1966 Ford, the Stereo Tape Player lets you enjoy more than 70 minutes of your favorite music.

Drive this quick, quiet, sporty 1966 Ford XL. Turn off the Stereo and listen to the sound of quality. Turn on the Stereo . . . and listen to the sound of luxury!

LET'S  
GO FORD!  
**FORD**  
Mustang, Thunderbird,  
Ford, Lincoln-Mercury

What makes  
Viceroy  
the right one?



Only Viceroy's  
got the filter for  
the taste that's right!

© 1998 B&W T&F LONDON. TRADE MARK COMPANIES. B&W The Mark of Quality as Always. Product